# Toronto Saturday Night.

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## Around Town.

After a quiet session the Ontario Legislature has concluded its work and the legislators from the country towns and concession lines have returned to their accustomed toil. During the session less pestiferous and unnecessary legislation than usual was indulged in. We have been given manhood suffrage and a few other useful measures and the gentlemen from the townships have been kind enough to refrain from repeating their campaign speeches and blackguarding one another.

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Among the notable measures which failed to pass was the Widow's and Unmarried Women's Suffrage bill. Mr. Mowat felt that in permitting manhood suffrage to become law he had done all the reforming his system could stand for one session, and consequently the "widers" and spinsters will have no right to have a hand in shaping the country's policy with regard to Crown Lands, timber limits and lunatic asylums. Mr. Mowat said, personally, he was not afraid of woman suffrage, and wouldn't object to having them in his Cabinet, but he was afraid the country was not ready for it. I do not know of any funnier suggestion than the selection of some lady to sit with Mr. Mowat, T. B. Pardee, Christopher Finlay Fraser, A. S. Hardy and the two Rosses at a Cabinet meeting. I don't suppose that anything is ever said that would shock the ears of a lady—Brother Mowat wouldn't stand that, though it is intimated he can laugh heartily at a good story even though it verges on the improper—but it would be exceedingly inconvenient to discuss the appointment of license inspectors, sheriffs, etc., while the sharp ears of a woman were taking it all in and her ready tongue tingling to tell the news to her lady friends with that air of importance she always assumes when she is disclosing something she is expected to keep quiet. I am afraid Mr. Mowat was passing idle compliments to the fair sex when he said he was willing to have them in his Cabinet. Poor old gentleman, he suffers enough now from hair-pullings and brawls among the hungry applicants for office without having to keep quiet the active temper of any woman strong-minded enough to be a Cabinet Ministeress.

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In the House of Commons the Unrestricted Reciprocity discussion has been dragging its weary length. Very few people have read the speeches. It seems to have been selected as a topic which will afford the majority of the members an opportunity to deliver their annual address.

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N. Clarke Wallace has established his sincerity as an investigator of "combines" and "trusts." A good many people looked upon his motion for the appointment of a committee as a trick by which he could get some campaign material by which he could find favor among the workingmen whose votes are numerous in the suburbs which form an important portion of his constituency. The fact, however, that he is being abused by those interested in "combinations and has been accused of using some of the gentlemen of the combines" with scant courtesy make people believe he is in earnest. He has made no mistake. His action has made him many friends and those who know the conciliatory nature of the man will be slow to believe that he has been unnecessarily offensive to those whose interests are in the direction of baulking the investigation.

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Col. Fred. Denison, in opening the campaign for Government control of the telegraph lines, has also made a good move. West Toronto will be still more solidly his, if he preserves and proves his sincerity, which no one has any reason to doubt.

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Sir Charles Tupper continues to make friends among the ranks of the Opposition, and is growing daily more solid with his party. He is beginning to show signs of strategic greatness, which mark him as "the coming man." The populace is always ready to enthuse over courage, and Sir Charles Tupper has been one of the most dauntless political fighters Canada has ever produced. He has done things which in a country where honesty and public morality are more highly regarded than they are in Canada, would long ago have buried him in oblivion, but he has been able to survive his questionable reputation, and there is a tendency throughout the country to forget the past and permit him to enter on a new and great future. He is without doubt the man best fitted to fill Sir John's shoes, and the question of his right to the throne is no longer debatable.

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In Ontario Sir Charles is weaker than elsewhere. It is also a fact that the Ontario men in the Cabinet are lacking both in force of character and general popularity. It would be a wise move if W. R. Meredith could be induced to abandon the "forlorn hope" in the Ontario Legislature and prepare for the acceptance of a portfolio in Sir Charles Tupper's ministry. It has been hinted to me that Sir Charles is favorable to such an arrangement, as it would secure to him the enthusiastic following which Mr. Meredith has in this province. No Conservative politician in Ontario has so many enthusiastic friends, or such a large share of public confidence, as W. R. Meredith. There is no man in this province so well calculated to represent us in the Dominion Ministry as is the leader of the local Opposition. He is loved and trusted by his friends, is strongly impregnated with the federal idea, is honest, painstaking, approachable, and a splendid speaker. Personally, of simple and democratic tastes; politically, unswerving in his devotion to his party, a loyal lieutenant and vigorous debater, he is without a doubt the man of all others who could hold the Conservatives of his province solid for any Conservative Ministry of which he was a member. He has long enough been left to lead a hopeless and incompetent party in the Local House. His friends should demand and his ambition should consent to a change of sphere.

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If recent newspaper descriptions can be believed Crown Prince William of Germany is a sullen and fierce man, full of unreasoning prejudice and of a warlike spirit. Athletic, austere, controlled by his fierce and revengeful disposition, his very weaknesses and dangerous tendencies seem to make him the idol of the people. Ever since the beginning of his father's illness, the diplomatists have been discussing him with fear and trembling. His strong character and immense power may make him another Frederick the Great, or, eaten of his own ambition, he may essay the role of a Napoleon. The fear of the latter is based on his unreasoning hatred of the English, which does not even exempt his mother from its bitterness. His evident anxiety to humiliate and degrade the Jews seems a remnant of the barbarous prejudices which we might expect to find in a Czar, but not in the coming Emperor of the Germans. It is already a settled fact that when he grasps the sceptre so lately fallen from the hand of his aged grandfather, outside of Germany he will accept the kindness only of those who fear him. Only twenty-nine years old and yet his hand seems to itch for the sword of his dying father! It is not a pleasant picture for Europe to gaze upon, but the common people of Germany love him, and without a Bismarck, for he is not the man to tolerate a superior, it is probable that the armies of the Fatherland will soon have work to do.

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Another chapter of the frightful episode in Missouri reveals the futility of human vengeance and shows Fenton Cox in a much better light. Dr. Cox, it will be remembered, disfigured with vitriol his son Fenton's mistress and the subsequent conduct of the haughty and heartless man has estranged what little sympathy would have been entertained for him, by demanding that his erring son must desert the wretched and disfigured woman or cease to have any claim on his father. The young man with a devotion which goes far to palliate his former faults has abandoned his father and his fortune and clings to the poor suffering girl whose beauty has been turned into hideousness. No romancer could have written a more horrible story than this tragedy in real life. The discarded son and his mutilated mistress have refused to prosecute the perpetrator of the diabolical deed, thus showing a forgiving spirit which the father, even after the commission of his inhuman crime, does not appreciate or share. How long the young man's devotion to the poor girl may last is a question, but it may lead to a better life. What a story it is. How full of that which is most degraded and devilish, and yet proving that affection is not possessed alone by the virtuous. How quickly their sin found them out; how the revenge of the father recoiled upon his own head! Robbed of her charms, marked for life, clinging feebly to the one she has ruined, what agony must be the lot of the woman. Degraded by his vices, discarded by his father, the one responsible for the woman's terrible future, redeemed by his affection alone, it will need no hell for the punishment of the boy.

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The frequent references to eternal punishment which have recently been made by the city clergymen and some of the newspapers reminds me of the saying of an old clergyman with whom I am very well acquainted, that 'the majority of people have obtained their ideas of hell from Dante and Milton rather than the Bible, and their picture of heaven from the Book of Revelations—which, as a magnificent piece of imagery, is unexcelled in the English language.' He was exceedingly orthodox in his belief, but his strong sense of humor often impelled him to relate some amusing incidents from the many chapters of his experience. "One of the most curious features," said he, "of the selfishness which assumes to itself the name of rigid faith is the insistence of those who are absolutely sure they are saved that there is a real, literal fire-and-brimstone place of punishment where the wicked and non-elect are tormented forever. I am often shocked by the zest this belief seems to add to their realization of their own goodness and good fortune. I believe that half the pleasure of heaven would be taken away from such people if they did not believe that some of their old neighbors on earth were being tormented down below."

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I remember a funny and yet pathetic incident he once related to me about an old farmer's wife who, when he visited her, went and put on a clean apron, and sat down for a few minutes to rest. In the course of conversation about religious matters, the poor, jaded, world-weary woman who toiled late and rose early to toil again, asked him to tell her what heaven was like. Knowing full well that nearly every one has in their heart of hearts a different picture of Paradise which largely reflects their own desires, he asked her to first tell him her idea of it. "It is hard," said he, "to put in words one's idea of the home of the blessed, but tell me when you are picturing Heaven what you think it will be?" The poor body folded her two hands in her apron, her dull eyes closed for a moment before she answered, "I think it must be some place where the work's all done up and where I can put on a clean apron and sit and rest all the time." After that he knew he could convey to her no lovelier idea than that expressed by the Scripture, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

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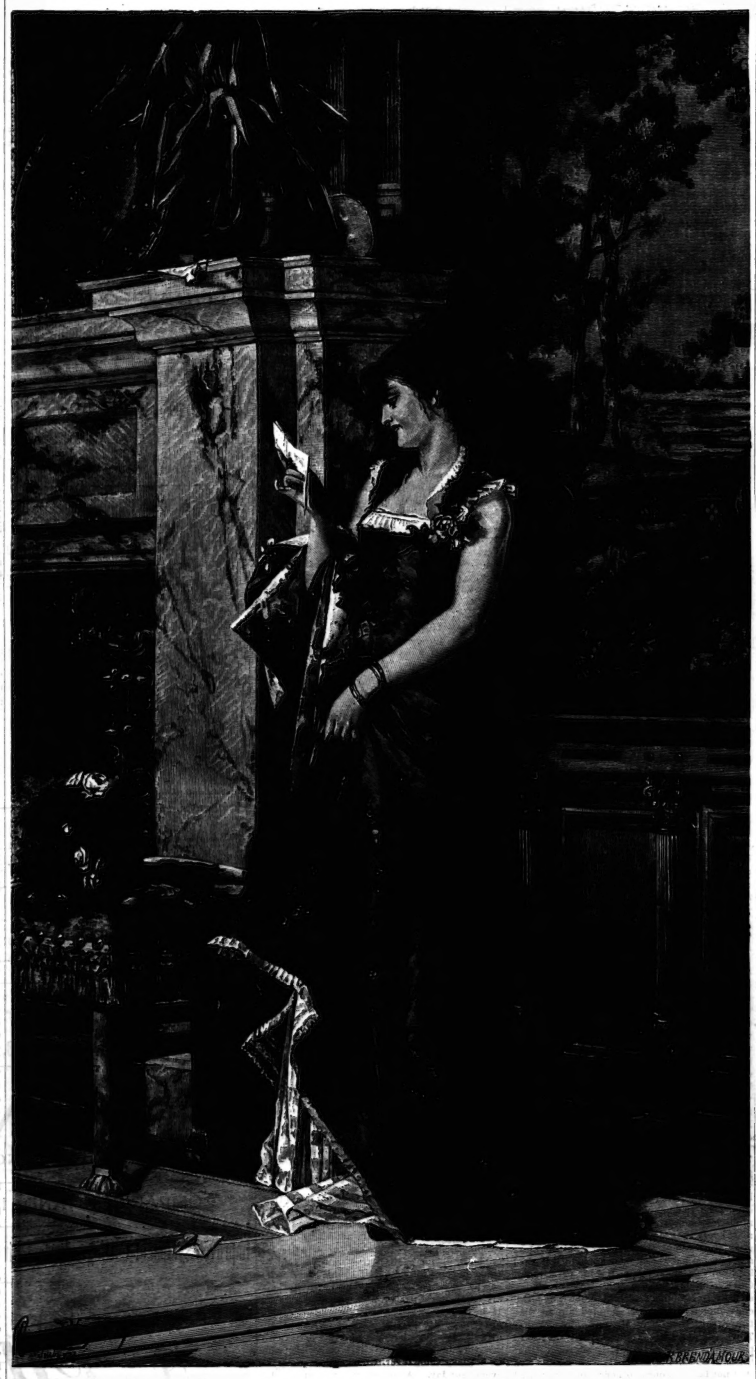
It must be nearly twenty years ago that I heard him tell this story and I never think of heaven without remembering it. It is so uncouth and yet so pathetic; it savors so much of the earthy and yet is so mournful an outcry for rest; it has all the dulness of mental vision and yet it is such a vivid expression of human weariness and of the longing to have the struggle over and obtain rest. Rest! The fight is so unworthy, the rewards so ephemeral, the victory so petty, the disappointment so lasting, the joys so fleeting, the labor so incessant! After all how much we share the old woman's idea of heaven as a place of rest—

"That perfect presence of His face which we, for want of words, call Heaven."

DON.



WELCOME MESSAGE.

## A Disgraceful Trick.

A slangy and objectionable circular purporting to have been issued by SATURDAY NIGHT has come into our possession. It advertises some features which have appeared in this paper together with objectionable subjects which would not be permitted in these columns. It is evidently an attempt to injure SATURDAY NIGHT, but accident has enabled us to expose the trick in advance. The imprint on the bill is "Saturday Night Steam Job Print." There is no such institution; no job printing is done at this office.

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I.

The shadows lengthened in the room,
The flickering firelight sent
Soft rays across the purple gloom,
That rested on a face in bloom,
And eyes of sweet content.

II.

Low at her feet, with earnest air,
He sat and watched the light
That glistened in her yellow hair,
And sparkled 'mong the jewels rare
Upon her bosom white

III.

"Sweetheart," he trembling said, an' gray
Eyes sought the blue above,
You know what I am going to say,
Oh, tell me, darling—tell me, pray,
Do you return my love?"

IV.

Her flower face drooped prettily
With tender blushes lit;
"Yes, I return your love," said she,
"Because—" she stammered—
"You-you—see,
I have no use for it!"

DeLancy Pierson.

## Society.

Miss Plumb, daughter of the late Senator, who has been for the last two years in Europe with her governess seeing a little of the great world and getting an insight into the polite languages in the lands where they are spoken, returned to Canada and joined her father at Ottawa just before the opening of parliament, prepared, though not yet in her 20th year, to assist him in dispensing the hospitality of the honorable the speaker of the Senate. Now all this is over and the young lady is an orphan. She is a delicate-looking fragile girl with small features and pale face, very refined, cultured and ingenuous. She is wealthy in her own right, independent of whatever fortune may come to her by her father's death. Her grandmother left her an estate whose value is now reckoned at something very little short of half a million dollars.

*

In the last ten days there have been so many tea parties that people have really had too much of a good thing. Some people, I suppose, have attended these teas as a sort of penance due from them to the present season; others have gone because their friends would be there and they knew of no other way of meeting them. From Wednesday of last week until to-day there has not been one single afternoon when some or other excitement of the kind did not offer itself.

*

On Thursday of last week the ball was set rolling by Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach. Numbers of the friends of this popular host and hostess made their way to St. George street, and spent a pleasant hour in Mrs. Cattenach's pretty abode. On Friday it was Mrs. Small whose invitation brought numbers of Toronto's society to her house on Murray street. The sweet tones of Mrs. Torrance's voice have been heard but seldom since her return, but at Mrs. Small's it was shown that her long absence has only improved her charming singing.

*

On Saturday, a day usually as little in favor with afternoon tea-givers as it is with theatergoers, the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Morris gave a large and very enjoyable At Home. For the third time this season society flocked in numbers eastwards and betook themselves to Mrs. Morris' fine house on Jarvis street. People met there just those whom they wanted to meet, and no others, while it was found that tea and music had lost none of their subtle attractions. The week ended happily for those who partook of Mr. and Mrs. Morris' hospitality.

*

On Monday a new week was propitiously begun. There can have been very few of the usual circle who did not avail them selves of Mr. and Mrs. Yarker's invitation. Knowing as they do that their entertainment is in the hands of a lady who is an adept at the art, very few people are ever bidden by Mrs. Yarker without taking advantage of the invitation. On Monday, though, for an affair of the kind, there were not too great crowds, yet it would have been difficult, even in so large a house, to find room for any more.

*

Mrs. Yarker's At Home was graced by Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton and the Messrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Bankes, the Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Miss McCarthy, Captain Sears, Captain Geddes, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mrs. Spragg, Miss May Jones, Miss Ross, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Brehaut, Mr. Saunders, Miss Robinson, Messrs. Shanly, Roberts, Napier Robinson, Reid, Hollyer, Cronyn, Fox, Hume Blake, Dickson, Miss Platt, Miss DuMoulin, the Misses Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Mr. Moffatt, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Heineman, Miss Blake, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. Heaton, Mrs. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Mr. Pipon, Mr. and Mrs. Malloch, Mrs. Moffatt, Miss Eva Morris, Miss Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins.

*

The partial thaw and subsequent severe frost has given lovers of ice boating an opportunity to indulge in their favorite sport. Ice boating parties have been got up by Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. Moffatt, the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Nordheimer, etc.

*

Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell have returned from a brief visit to Ottawa and Montreal. It is feared that they have returned but to depart, since a longer absence in the States, or possibly as far as Bermuda, is in project.

*

On Wednesday Miss May Jones and Miss Ross left for New York, whence after a short stay the latter sails for England. All Toronto people who have heard Miss Ross' charming singing, and who have been fortunate enough to know her, will join in hoping that it will not be very long before she can be welcomed here once more. Methinks this lady will report well of Toronto and its inhabitants when she reaches her home in London. Let us only hope that others like her may thereby be induced to cross the ocean. Miss Jones' absence is only temporary, very temporary I hope. This lady, more perhaps than anybody else, has done her best to keep us from dying of *ennui* during Lent.

*

It is always very pleasant to greet old friends, and to whom can the title be applied if not to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson. Mrs. Dickson has but lately recovered from a long illness at her home in Galt. Looking as she now does the very picture of health, her friends almost refuse to believe that it has been ill. Installed for the present at the Queen's, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson are engaged in the wearisome business of house-hunting. Though we sympathise, we yet rejoice, for this seems to betoken a prolonged stay.

*

A stalwart cricketer has been well caught. May he keep his love as he keeps the wicket!

*

The Hon. George Kirkpatrick has escaped from the cares of the session at Ottawa, and has joined Mrs. Kirkpatrick for a short stay at Chestnut Park.

*

Amongst numerous Sunday tea-parties of this winter, none was more pleasant than that of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer on Sunday last. It is not always easy to get many ladies to leave their own houses on Sunday afternoon, but the members of the fair sex who were at Kenmore showed that so tempting an invitation was not to be disregarded. Some thirty or forty people must have been present. Mrs. Nordheimer on the piano and Miss Ross in song were heard with as such pleasure as always.

*

I have seldom seen a more brilliant audience in Toronto than that which, on Wednesday, filled the Pavilion from floor to ceiling. When seats cost a dollar, be it at the theater or in a concert hall, people, as a general rule, come in their everyday clothes, the result, as far as appearance goes, being almost slovenly. But when prices are raised, and a higher figure is charged for admission, everybody who has dress clothes seems to put them on, and a smart house is the consequence. When Campanini sang here in November he was heard only by quality—quantity was conspicuous only by its absence. On the present occasion, however, both quality and quantity characterized his hearers. Anything really good in the musical line is certain to bring visitors to Toronto. On Wednesday I noticed amongst the audience more than one of the fashionable music-lovers of the ambitious and musical city. When Mrs. Mackelcan is seen in a concert room it is generally on the boards, but when great exponents of the art which she loves and practices so worthily perform in Toronto, then almost invariably Mrs. Mackelcan comes up to hear them.

*

One of the most marked characteristics of a Toronto concert audience is its voracious greediness. It was hardly surprising on Wednesday, with so many people to share the labors of applause, that number after number should be re-demanded, out even at Campanini's last concert, his slim house encored almost every song. Although some of the artists made the attempt, it was impossible to refuse a recall. What those who applauded lacked in numbers they made up in persistency. On Wednesday, in the front row of chairs, so near to Madame Scalchi that her wonderful chest notes must have sounded almost like thunder to them, sat Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend and Lady Young. The front row of the gallery was very brilliantly adorned. That this was so will not be dorbted when I mention that not far from one another were there seated Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mrs. Torrance. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon and Miss Marjorie Campbell give their patronage to music as they do to the drama, the dance, and in fact all the best of our winter amusements. They occupied seats in the centre of the hall.

*

The singing of Madame Gerster and Campanini, though still of the best, saddened one with thoughts of their one time better. The gem of the evening was undoubtedly the delicious little aria from Lucrezia Borgia, which Scalchi sang for an encore number and which almost caused the enthusiastic audience to demand a double encore.

*

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend gave a large At Home, "to meet Lady Young," so ran the invitations. More of the affair next week.

*

On Friday evening Miss Marjorie Campbell fell in with this winter's fashion, and gave a skating party at the Victoria rink, with supper afterwards at Government House.

*

The Harmony Club has been rather rent in twain by disputes as to the opera they should play this spring. The result of which disputes is that they have finally decided to give none at all. The rule of their constitution that they shall give at least one performance a year has been complied with, as they had one evening of comedy early in the winter.

*

All the friends of Capt. Sears, I. S. C., will be disappointed to hear that his leave of absence from his regiment has almost expired, and that soon he will be ordered to rejoin it in England. He is a Canadian by birth, his home being in Fredricton, N. B., and he was one of the few fortunates who have been able to pass from Kingston and take a commission in the Imperial army. *Apropos*, did my readers hear that Lieut. Kenneth Cameron, only son of Hector Cameron, who also passed from Kingston into the English army, had some time ago met with a most serious accident. Out riding in Ireland one day, he fell from his horse and was seriously injured in the leg.

*

Miss Darrell of Bermuda is making a short stay in Toronto, and is the guest of Mrs. Hillyard Cameron, Willcox street, who gave a small tea in her honor, last Thursday, at which were present Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Alex. Galt, Mr. Fraser Lefroy, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, the Misses Shanley, Mrs. Edward Browne, Mrs. Cattanach.

*

The Washington papers claim that since Lady Tupper has returned from their city she has adopted certain customs of Washingtonians, and introduced them into her select Ottawa circle. Amongst these customs is that of introducing persons meeting by chance during an afternoon call at her house. This I consider an improper custom, and if it is followed in that city, Washington, which has always commanded a great respect from me heretofore, as being the residence of some of the most refined of the American people, as well as some of the most learned, all I can say is my respect for that home of American refinement, education, policy and diplomacy has decreased. And what is more I cannot believe that a woman with Lady Tupper's social experience would take to a custom which deprives an individual of the exercise of his or her own preference in the choice of acquaintances. Occasionally it may be deemed necessary for a hostess to introduce two strangers in this way, but her own tact will prevent the introduction being a source of anything else but pleasure. Those who have attempted to practise it regularly—as a habit—here, have been judged wanting in good breeding and dignity. Of course I know those upholders of this custom will advance the theory that people who cannot place confidence in their hostess in her choice of guests and visitors, ought not to frequent her house. But in this colony, where our cities are visited, or more correctly I should say, invaded, by outcasts of English aristocracy, impostors, easily taken up, and such like, how can we reckon on the stranger of to-day, without credentials, or with bogus ones, whom we have allowed ourselves to be amused by, for an hour or two, not proving the very worst of scoundrels and impostors of to-morrow? Really I don't want to make this paper the means of satisfying scandal-loving seekers after details, but every season has its scandal, every scandal its moral, and truly this season has dished us up some wholesome (?) ones. I did not have the honor of an acquaintance with the defaulter of a couple of weeks ago, but I have heard of and seen him. True, this *soi disant* Mr. Lawrence had not yet obtained the easy entree to all of our best houses that some of his predecessors had no difficulty in gaining, still he was well known to some of our leaders and their houses, and like the genuine representative of that class of fraud, he had set many hearts beating to quicker time, and brought them to almost a standstill by his precipitate and undignified flight. Now is there not cause for me to denounce the custom of introducing indiscriminately chance visitors at any house? I trust those who would have been inclined to see reason and hospitality and friendliness in Lady Tupper's adoption of the idea for the benefit of Ottawa society will see light through what I have said, and shun such a mistake in future for themselves.

*

All the most popular of Toronto's *grandes dames* have followed in the wake of the official leaders of society. I must explain that when I use the expression At Home, I do not mean that these ladies receive as they do on their regular reception days. It would be distinctly a liberty to visit on a Sunday without some sort of invitation. People may be asked for a particular Sabbath, or more often they may be told to come in any Sunday. Of course those who accept these particularly welcome invitations are for the most part of the masculine gender. It is difficult, even when special invitations are sent out, to persuade ladies to leave their own houses on the day of rest, but there are very few of the cavaliers of society who do not visit some favorite house or other almost every Sunday. Amongst many houses, the doors of which are always open, some to few, some to many, on this day are those of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. John Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, the Hon. Justice and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Merritt.

*

Another especially pleasant Sunday custom in Toronto is that of dining in the middle of the day and of supping substantially, if informally, after evening service. There can be few houses, of the best at all events, who are without guests at this meal. Owing to the kindliness of so many people, very few men who have their homes elsewhere, trouble their boarding-houses or hotels on Sunday night, and few of the resident bachelors ever sup at their own houses.

*

I spoke just now of Sunday afternoon tea parties, and must say a word in their favor. The custom of being At Home to her friends on Sunday was first adopted, I believe, at any rate in late years, by Miss Robinson during her reign at Government House. Miss Marjorie Campbell has followed the former lady's example.


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The National Society of Journalists (London, Eng.) has at last, very grudgingly, and after long continued opposition, admitted women to membership. It was an exceedingly ungallant acceptation of the inevitable. Women have entered the journalistic field lately and made quite as great a success as men. One of the best writers in England on the subject of live stock is a woman. A woman conducts the stock quotations of a commercial paper, and now I see that Lady Curzon has been selected by the editor of the *Badminton Library* to write a book on horsey subjects.

There may be a danger of crowding journalistic ranks, but ability, whether in male or female, must, like cream, rise to the top. Perhaps I should say ability, aided by what is commonly known as plod.

At a meeting of the Association for the Employment and Training of Women held recently in Dublin, Lady Londonderry distributed certificates of competency to pupils of all ages, in illuminating, engrossing, scrivenery, type-setting, map and plain tracing, and wood engraving. The purpose of the society is to train and find work for distressed Irish gentlewomen, and its motto: To help those who help themselves. This is all very admirable and does nicely for a country where work such as illuminating or engrossing is in request, and receives a due appreciation when well executed. Type-setting and wood engraving I should think excellent pursuits for women in any country. What I should like to know, is—why do women act so like a lot of sheep in choosing an occupation? Open the door to women as stenographers and type writers, and every employment-seeking woman in Canada, whether she is quick of hearing or only quick with her fingers, whether she has a memory for words or only for colors and fashions, whether she be most educated in spelling or sewing, will rush off to some shorthand factory and be turned out just sufficiently apt to earn a beggarly salary, to be tolerated by her employer, as is any other cheap article, because one lacks the funds to buy a better, and to cast discredit on worthier members of her sex. This has been the case so far with every employment available for women, and has the natural result of lowering salaries to the mediocre to starvation point.

In England ladies are seeking employment as "dusters," going from house to house and dusting such articles of bric-a-brac as one does not like to trust to unappreciative fingers. They are pretty well paid for the work, and the idea seems to meet with encouragement and prove eminently satisfactory to everybody.

An admirable field for the hosts of misguided girls who advertise as "refined young persons willing to instruct and take charge of young children" has been developed in Boston. The duty of an "artistic caller," for so they are designated, is to act as a substitute for her employer in paying off a pressure of social obligations. The more one's mind dwells on the situation, the more alluring it appears. Think of the possible footing—mayhap settlement—to be obtained in society by the proxy! Think also of the delightful emancipation of her employer from the necessity of calling on any more "old bores."

If half the girls who are daubing valuable paint on valuable velvets—thereby causing a considerable depreciation in the value thereof—would adapt their artist aprons to the role of type-setters what an immense relief it would be to the general public, and what a very considerable addition would be made to the incomes of the aforesaid dabblers in art. Why do not girls, in selecting trades or professions for themselves, adopt some business which will run with the growth of the country. Canada and Canadians are too busy growing at present to have either time or money for dabblers.

The girl who learns type-setting rocks the cradle of literature and may eventually rule its world.

The Marquis De Leuville has been creating a sensation in London and Paris as an elocutionist. In Paris his engagements have been legion. His selections were from Victor Hugo. This is quite a popular form of entertainment in New York, as well as in London and Paris. Elocutionists, as well as singers, come quietly in cabs to private receptions, say their say, pocket their fee and depart to fill, perhaps, half a dozen engagements in an afternoon.

Bonnets are chiefly floral in design, some of them being made to imitate a large flower. One large pink rose forms the centre. Around this are arranged large petals of velvet of a corresponding shade so as to cover almost the entire bonnet frame, underneath the edge of the bonnet, in front, a tiny frill of green crepe is pleated. Poppies, violets and other flowers are represented in the same manner and in appropriate colors.

Long scarfs of fine knitted wool take the place of fur boas for spring wear. These reach almost to the edge of the dress; have bows of ribbon tied above the tassel on each end, and are fastened at the throat with long loops of ribbon.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, (poetess and writer), recommends for the complexion a meal made from blanched almonds. Any druggist will pound the nuts to a fine powder. A thimbleful of this meal gives a baby softness to the skin as well as a delightful faint fragrance. It is very nourishing to the facial muscles, and must be rubbed well into the skin.

Capes are the latest form of shoulder wraps. They are pointed front and back, bordered with pompons and are fastened to the shoulders with epaulettes.

Smocking is very much used in the fabrication of dresses, being well adapted to soft woolen goods and silks. Fancy a soft pink silk smocked so as to form a Swiss bodice and girdled with laurel red: the sleeves smocked at the shoulder! Or, a white or pale green girdled with silver! Smocking is also the rage for children's dresses and hats, the hat being made of the same material as the dress.

White veils of all hues are fashionable; black or yellow are of most service in preserving the complexion.

NUOVA AULA.

## The Grand Old Name of Gentleman.

In these democratic days the most staunch conservatism fails to preserve either the substance or the essence of old things, whether it be in fashions or in words. Before the levelling spirit of the time have fallen from their former high estate not only many of the words and phrases which might be termed "gentle-born" and current only in exclusive circles, but the ideas which they bodied forth and represented have removed their old landmarks, and in the process have more or less suffered debasement. This is specially true of the erstwhile privileged word "gentleman." Once we knew precisely what it stood for, and upon whom rank and merit fitly conferred it. To-day we have no such precise knowledge. To the patrician, by virtue of his birth and rank, we still apply the term, though the recipient of the honor may be a libertine and a *roue*, while we too often withhold it from what we are pleased to call the plebeian, though he may have the best, in truth the only, title to it, because he possesses and manifests all the instincts and qualities which are fitly associated with the word. On the other hand, conventionality has made sad havoc of the term gentleman, for we see it arrogantly claimed, at the dictate of new made wealth and vanity, by those to whom it is a mockery to apply it, and whose knowledge of the word includes no idea whatever of its old-time significance. In defining the term it is proverbially more difficult to say what a gentleman is than to say what he is not. We should, for instance, have no hesitation in omitting from the class the enraged drunken aristocrat who, being stopped by an officer of the guard on duty for rudely intruding at a Queen's levee, cried out: "You varlet, do you not know that I am a peer of the realm?" and received this for an answer: "I don t know you as a peer of the realm, but I know you to be a sot and a scoundrel." Nor should we quite admit to the category a certain lord chancellor who died cursing his servants, or even poor, irascible Carlyle, of whom the story is told, that when a well-known lecturer and critic called to pay his respects to him, he was asked curtly at the door by the Sage of Chelsea himself what he wanted. "I am George Gilfillan," said the visiting hero-worshipper, "I have been lecturing about you through the country." This was the courteous response which Carlyle made to him: "You have, have you? D——n your impudence; good-morning!" Nor will readers of Thackeray's Lectures on the Four Georges, who remember the bitter satire with which he depicts the last of the four, whose graceless life was honored with the illustrious name of "The First Gentleman of Europe," acquiesce in the then Prince Regent's impudent assumption of the title. It was once the privilege of the present writer to hear the great satirist's out-pour of scorn on this royal scamp, who, with the riotous exquisites and jack-booted swaggerers of the time, had the hardihood to claim the honest appellative of a gentleman. Nothing could be more memorable, as in literature there is nothing more scathing, than the way Thackeray strips the royal voluptuary and fribble of a man of his assumed virtues, and discloses for the contumely of all time him who married for the payment of his debts, who took his wife's bracelets to deck the arms of his mistress, and was found drunk in the grate on his wedding night.

But we turn with relief to the other picture, and here Thackeray, again shall supply it. "What is it to be a gentleman?" asks the author of Esmond, and who, better than the creator of Colonel Newcome, can limn for us the portrait? "Is it to be honest, brave, to be gentle, generous, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities to exercise them in the most graceful manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant? Yes, a thousand times yes," cries Thackeray. To be a gentleman is not however to parade the fact that you are one, or to assume, it may be, that the accident of your birth or the equal accident of your inheriting or succeeding in making more money than your less fortunate neighbor, gives you any claim to be more than a man of simple life and tastes, with interests that befit your position and mental training, though with no vanities to be rumpled and no weaknesses to be sinfully indulged or foolishly gratified. The noble epithet of a gentleman does not worthily apply to him who, selfishly seeking his own ends, disregards the interests and the weal of his fellow creatures, or whose instincts blunt him to the consideration of their feelings and sensibilities, and who shamelessly lowers or perverts the moral sense of the community within the range of his personality and influence. The code of a gentleman will not suffer him who is one to cheat or to steal, to lie or to defraud, to use foul language, to defame what is reputable, or to traduce what is fair and honorable in character, though it sometimes curiously winks when, under a cowardly anonyma, a reputation is permitted to be besmirched by a libel or by "a truth which is only half a truth" in the press. A gentleman, if he is a gentleman, will not do these things, nor will he arrogate to himself any virtue, on the score of being one, for not doing them. Such acts are foreign to the character of a gentleman, and it will never occur to him to do them; nor as we have said, will he parade the fact or make any boast whatever of his superior virtue. He may, and doubtless will, claim the title of gentleman; but he will do this, we might almost say, unconsciously. He will do it by the manifest dignity yet child-like simplicity of his demeanor, by his self-respect, by the integrity of his character, by the honorableness of his conduct, by fidelity to truth and his loyalty to honest friendships, by his generous regard and respect for his fellows, by his chivalrous bearing towards women, and by his sympathetic and unaffected attitude towards everything esteemed reverent and sacred. Of such a character, we may be sure, was that true modern knight who is the burden of Tennyson's In Memoriam, and to whom the poet pays the following noble tribute:

> "Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
> Each office of the social hour
> To noble manners, as the flower
> And native growth of noble mind;
>
> And thus he bore without abuse
> *The grand old name of gentleman,*
> Defamed by every charlatan,
> And sold'd with all ignoble use."

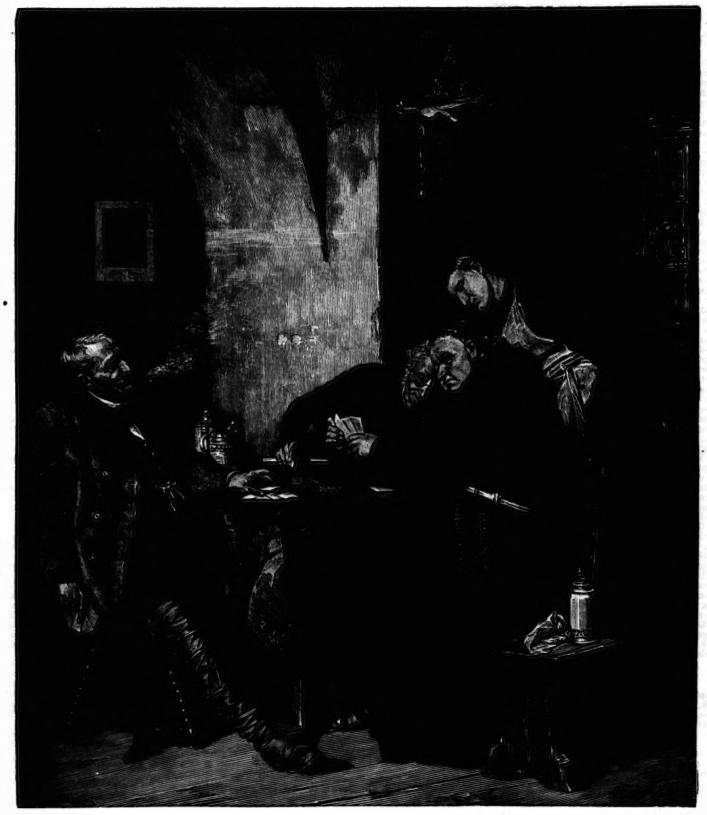
Amid the sordid conflict of the low ambitions of the time, it is confessedly difficult to *act*, or inherently to *be*, the gentleman. We may try, however, to get as near to the ideal as we can, and endeavor to manifest in our lives some at least of the attributes of true gentility. We can cultivate, more than we do, the habit of kindliness and urbanity, be sensitive to the graces, the refinements, and the poetry of life, and keep ourselves from contact with the "social lies that warp us from the living truth." We can eschew the shams and falsities of the age, live pure, gracious and loving lives, keep our name stainless and our honor virgin, be kind as well as sympathetic to the old and the dependent, have a tender heart for all sorrow and misfortune, respect the women we flatter and esteem those whose names are oftenest on our lips, pay manly deference, not cringing obsequiousness, to high station and true worth, and aid all effort in the direction of beneficent human progress. Thus shall we recover some of the old marks and distinctions of the true gentleman, and do something to stem the debasing tendencies and to uplift the aims and ideals of the age. Then shall man become, indeed, "nature's nobleman," and we shall not only realize, but admit the force and beauty, of the poet's modern and optimistic creed:

> "How'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

CERMER MADA.

His Easter Egg.

Willie has a great big boom
'Gainst goods described as "wet,"
Because it may bring Howland "out"
Is why he wants to set.



EUCHERED.

The Disguise—Or Prepared for the Deputation.

Archbishop to Oliver—Now, Oliver, pass over your hat. I think the disguise is complete, barrin' the whiskers are bothersome. I'm anxious to get at that deputation.

### Thoughts on Seeing a Belle.

> Can feet so fairy light
> Have earthly mission?
> Can breast so snowy white,
> Burn with ambition?
>
> Can eyes so soft as shine,
> With envy glisten?
> Can ears so pink and fine
> To scandal listen?

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

# THE HAUNTED HOUSE ON DUCHESS STREET.

**Being a Narration of Certain Strange Events Alleged to Have Taken Place at York, Upper Canada, in or About the Year 1823.**

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT.

"O'er all there hung the Shadow of a Fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."—Hood.

## I.—OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

I suppose there are at least a score of persons living in Toronto at the present moment who remember that queer old house on Duchess street. Not that there was anything specially remarkable about the house itself, which indeed, in its best days, presented an aspect of rather smug respectability. But the events I am about to relate invested it with an evil reputation, and made it a place to be contemplated at a safe distance, rather than from any near approach. Youngsters on their way to school were wont to eye it askance as they hurried by on their way to their daily tasks. Even children of a larger growth manifested no unbecoming desire to penetrate too curiously into its inner mysteries, and for years its threshold was seldom or never crossed by anybody except Simon Washburn or some of his clerks, who about once in every twelvemonth made a quiet entry upon the premises and placed in the front windows announcements to the effect that the place was "For Sale or To Let." The printing of these announcements involved a useless expenditure of capital, for, from the time when the character of the house became matter of notoriety, no one could be induced to try the experiment of living in it. In the case of a house, no less than in that of an individual, a bad name does more easily gained than lost, and in the case of the house on Duchess street its uncanny repute clung to it with a persistent grasp which time did nothing to relax. It was distinctly and emphatically a place to keep away from.

The house was originally built by one of the Ridout family—I think by the father, grandfather himself—soon after the close of the war of 1812, and it remained intact until a year or two after the town of York became the city of Toronto, when it was partly demolished and converted into a more profitable investment. The new structure, which, I believe, was a shingle or stave factory, was burned down in 1845 or 1844, and the site thenceforward remained unoccupied until comparatively recent times. When I visited the spot a few weeks ago I encountered not a little difficulty in fixing upon the exact site, which is covered by an unpropossessing row of dark red brick presenting the aspect of having stood there from time immemorial, though, as I am informed, the houses have been erected within the last quarter of a century. Unattractive as they appear, however, they are the least uninviting feature in the landscape, which is prosaic and squalid beyond description. Rickety, tumble-down fences of dilapidated lath and plaster stare the beholder in the face at every turn. During the greater part of the day the solitude of the neighborhood remains unbroken save by the tread of some chance wayfarer like myself, and a general atmosphere of the abomination of desolation reigns supreme. Grass sprouts the unfrequented pavement, one finds it difficult to realize the fact that this was once a not unfashionable quarter of the capital of Upper Canada.

The old house stood forty or fifty feet back from the roadway, on the north side, overlooking the waters of the bay. The lot was divided from the street by a low picket fence, and permission to the enclosure was gained by means of a small gate. In those remote times there were but buildings intervening between Duchess street and the water front, and those few were not very pretentious; so that when the atmosphere was free from fog you could trace from the windows of the upper story the entire hithermost shore of the peninsula which has since become The Island. The structure itself, like most buildings then erected in York, was of frame. It was of considerable dimensions for those days, and must have contained at least eight or nine rooms, for it was two stories high, and had a good deal of painted fret-work about the windows of the upper story. A stately elm stood immediately in the rear, and its widespreading branches overshadowed the greater part of the back yard and outbuildings. And that is all I have been able to learn about the exterior aspect of the place.

## II.—INSIDE THE HOUSE.

A small porch-door, about half way down the western side, furnished the ordinary mode of entrance to and exit from the house. This door opened into an apartment which served the double purpose of sitting-room and dining-room, and which was connected by an inner door with the kitchen and back premises. There was, however, a rather wide-mouthed front entrance, approached by a short flight of wooden steps, and opening into a fair-sized hall. To the right of the hall, as you entered, a door opened into what served as a drawing-room, which was seldom used, as the occupants of the house were not given to receiving much fashionable company. To the left of the hall, another door opened into the dining-room already mentioned. A stairway, facing the front entrance, conducted you to the upper story, which consisted of several bedrooms and a large apartment in front. This latter must have been by long odds the pleasantest room in the house. It was of comfortable dimensions, well lighted, and cheerful as to its outlook. Two front windows commanded a prospect of the bay and the peninsula, while a third window on the eastern side overlooked the valley of the Don, which by no means the stagnant pool which it was destined to become in later years. The only entrance to this chamber was a door placed directly to the right hand at the head of the stairway, and, by the way, it may be mentioned, consisted of exactly seventeen steps. A small bedroom in the rear was accessible only by a separate door at the back of the upper hallway, and was thus not directly connected with the larger apartment.

I am not informed as to the precise number and features of the other rooms in the upper story, except that they were bedrooms; nor is any further information respecting them essential to a full comprehension of the events to follow. Why I have been thus precise as to what may at first sight appear trivial details will hereafter appear.

## III.—THE TENANTS OF THE HOUSE.

As already mentioned, the house was probably built by Surveyor-General Ridout; but it does not appear that either he or any member of his family ever resided there. The earliest occupant of whom I have been able to find any trace was Thomas Mercer Jones—the celebrated, I presume, who was afterwards connected with the Canada Land Company. Whether he was the first tenant I am unable to learn, but a gentleman bearing that name dwelt there during the latter part of the year 1816, and appears to have been a well-known citizen of Little York. In 1819 the tenant was a person named McKechnie, as to whom I have been unable to glean any information whatever beyond the bare fact that he was a pewholder in St. James's church. He appears to have given place to one of the numerous members of the Powell family.

But the occupant with whom this narrative is more immediately concerned was a certain ex-military man named Bywater, who woke up the echoes of York society for a few brief months, between sixty and seventy years ago, and who, after passing a lurid interval of his misspent life in this community, solved the great problem of human existence by falling down stairs and breaking his neck. Captain Stephen Bywater was a *mauvais sujet* of the most pronounced stamp. He came of a good family in one of the Midland Counties of England; entered the army at an early age, and was present on a certain memorable Sunday at Waterloo, on which occasion he is said to have borne himself gallantly and well. But he appears to have had a deep vein of ingrained vice in his composition, which perpetually impelled him to crooked paths. Various ugly stories were current about him, for all of which there was doubtless more or less foundation. It was said that he had been caught cheating at play, and that he was an adept in all the rascally arts of the turf. The deplorable event which led to the resignation of his commission made considerable noise at the time of its occurrence. A young brother officer whom he had swindled out of large sums of money, was forced by him into a duel, which was fought on the French count, in the presence of two seconds and a military surgeon. There seems to have been no doubt that the villainous captain fired too soon. At any rate, the youth who had been inveigled into staking his life on the issue was left dead on the field, while the aggressor rode off unscathed, followed by the execrations of his own second. A rigid enquiry was instituted, but the principal witnesses were not forthcoming, and the murderer—for as such he was generally regarded—escaped the punishment which everybody considered he had justly merited. The severance of his connection with the army was a foregone conclusion, and he was formally expelled from his club. He was socially sent to Coventry, and his native land soon became too hot for him a more undesirable place of abode. Then he crossed the Atlantic and made his way to Upper Canada, where, after a while, he turned up at York, and became the tenant of the house on Duchess street.

At the time of his arrival in this country, which must have been some time in 1822, or perhaps early in 1823, Captain Bywater was apparently about forty years of age. He was a bachelor, and possessed of some means. For a very brief period he contrived to make his way into the select society of the Provincial capital; but it soon became known that he was the aristocratic desperado who had so ruthlessly shot down young Frederick Lennox on the sands near Boulogne, and who had the reputation of being one of the most unmitigated scamps to be met with on the Continent. Only in those days could swallow a good deal in a man of good birth and competent fortune, but it could not swallow even a well-to-do bachelor of good family and marriageable age who had been forced to resign his commission, and had been expelled from a not too strait-laced London club by a unanimous vote of the committee. Captain Bywater was dropped with a sudeness and severity which he could not fail to understand. He received no invitations from mothers with marriageable daughters, and when he presented himself at their doors informally and unbidden he found nobody at home. He saw people coldly bow him on the street, and gentlemen received his bows with responses so frigid that he readily comprehended the state of affairs. He perceived that his day of grace was past, and accepted his fate with a supercilious shrug of his broad shoulders.

But the Captain was a gregarious animal, to whom solitude was insupportable. Society of some sort was a necessity of his existence, and as the company of ladies was denied him, and no longer open to him, he sought consolation among persons of a lower grade in the social scale. He frequented taverns between the

## The Withered Hand.

There was quite a crowd around Mr. Bermutier, the great criminal lawyer, as he discussed the mysterious Saint Cloud affair For a month this inexplicable crime was the sensation of Paris. Nobody could make anything out of it.

Mr. Bermutier, with his back to the fire-place, arrayed proofs and cited different opinions, but drew no conclusion.

Several ladies had risen and drawn near him, and remained standing, with their eyes fixed upon the smoothly shaven mouth of the attorney, whence fell such weighty words. The women shivered, chilled by their inquisitive fright, by that insatiable hunger for the dreadful, which haunts their souls. One of them, paler than the rest, exclaimed:

"It is frightful. It approaches the supernatural. It will never be cleared up."

The great lawyer turned toward her:

"Yes, it will probably always remain a mystery," he said. "But the word supernatural, that you used, is hardly called for. The matter we are discussing is a cleverly devised, cleverly executed crime, so enveloped in darkness that we can not disentangle the impenetrable network of circumstances that surrounds it. But I confess that I was once called upon to follow a case which really seemed to have some hint of the fantastic about it. We were, in fact, compelled to give it up for want of data on which to proceed."

All the women cried with one voice:

"Oh, tell us about it!"

Mr. Bermutier smiled gravely, as a great criminal lawyer should smile, and continued:

"I do not myself admit that there can be any such thing as a superhuman agency. I should substitute the word inexplicable for supernatural.

"In the story I am going to tell, it was the surrounding or preparatory circumstances that impressed me. The facts were as follows: At the time I speak of, I was examining magistrate at Ajaccio. My business was principally the prosecution cases of vendetta. In Corsica, as we all know, this sort of family vengeance has given rise to superbly dramatic, highly heroic incidents. For two years I heard of little beside the avenger of blood—the Corsican code that revenges murder on the person who commits it, or his descendants and relatives. I had seen old men and children, and distant cousins massacred; my head was filled with such doings.

"I heard one day that an Englishman had rented a villa on the gulf for several years. He had a French servant, engaged at Marseilles, on his way to Ajaccio. Soon the whole place was taking an interest in this odd individual, who lived alone, and only went out to shoot or fish. He spoke to nobody, never came to town, and practiced shooting at a mark every morning for an hour or two.

"Stories began to be told about him. It was said that he was a man of high birth, who had fled his country for political reasons; then rumor ran that he was in hiding on account of some dreadful crime he had committed, of which specially horrible details were given.

"As examining magistrate, I desired to obtain some trustworthy information about the man, but I could learn nothing. He gave Sir John Rowell as his name.

"I had him watched, but nothing suspicious about him was reported.

"Still as gossip about him grew more general and more extraordinary, I determined to see him for myself, and took to hunting in the neighborhood of his estate.

"The occasion presented itself upon my killing a partridge under the Englishman's very nose one day. My dog brought me the bird, which I at once presented to Sir John Rowell, apologizing for my intrusion. He was a large man with red hair and beard, tall and strong, a placid, polished Hercules. He had none of the so-called British stiffness, and thanked me in French, but with the decided accent of the other side of the Channel. Within the month we had chatted together five or six times.

"At last, one evening as I passed his gate, I saw him smoking a pipe, sitting astride a chair in his garden. I bowed and he asked me to come in and drink a glass of beer. I did not wait to be urged. He received me with the scrupulous courtesy of the English, and began to praise France and Corsica.

"Then with the greatest precaution, masking my curiosity under the form of a deep interest in him, I asked a few questions about his life and his place. He answered with unabashed frankness, told me he had traveled a great deal in Africa, the Indies, and in America. He added laughing:

"'Oh, yes! I've had a great many adventures.'

"I began to speak of hunting, and he gave me the most singular details of hippopotamus hunting, tiger and elephant hunting, and even gorilla hunting.

"I remarked that such animals were dangerous game.

"He smiled: 'Oh no! man is the worst.' Then he laughed outright, a big Englishman's laugh. 'I've hunted men a good deal, too,' he said. Then he spoke of weapons, and invited me into his house to show me different kinds of guns.

"His parlor was hung with black silk embroidered with gold. Great yellow flowers sprawled over the sombre material, as brilliant as fire. He announced that it was a Japanese uff.

"But in the middle of the largest panel a strange thing caught my eye. On a square of red velvet there was a black object. I drew near; it was a hand, a man's hand. Not a skeleton hand, white and clean, but a dried-up, black hand, with yellow nails, starting muscles, and traces of mud that was like blood on the cleanly cut off bones, severed as with an axe near the middle of the forearm. Around the wrist an enormous iron chain, riveted and soldered to the uncleanly limb, fastened it to the wall by a staple strong enough to hold an elephant.

"I asked what it was. The Englishman coolly answered:

"'That was my dearest foe. He came from America. This was cut off with a sword, and the skin scraped off with flint and dried in the sun for eight days. Pretty good for me, wasn't it?'

"I touched the remnant of humanity, which must have belonged to a Colossus. The immoderately long fingers were attached by enormous tendons, to which shreds of the skin still adhered. The hand was frightful to behold, flayed as it was; it naturally suggested a barbarous revenge.

"'The man must have been very powerful,' said I.

"'Oh, yes,' said the Englishman, gently, 'but I was stronger than he was. I put that chain on it to hold it.'

"Thinking he was jesting, I said:

"'The chain is rather useless now. The hand won't get away.'

"Sir John replied, seriously: 'It's always wanting to get away. The chain is necessary.'

"I gave him a quick look, wondering whether he was a madman or a practical joker. But his face remained unmoved, calm, and kindly. I changed the subject, and examined his guns. I noticed, however, that three loaded revolvers lay in different places on the furniture, as if the man lived in constant fear of an attack.

"I called on him several times, and then went no more. Every one had grown accustomed to his presence, and consequently wholly indifferent to him.

"A whole year went by, when one morning my servant awakened me with the news that Sir John Rowell had been assassinated in the night. Half an hour later I entered the Englishman's house with two police officials. The French valet, frightened and overcome, was wringing his hands at the door. He was the man I first suspected, but he was innocent.

"The murderer was never discovered.

"Entering Sir John's drawing-room, I at once perceived his body lying stretched on the floor in the middle of the room. His coat was torn, one sleeve was wrenched off and hanging, everything gave evidence of a terrific struggle. The Englishman had been strangled to death. His black, swollen face expressed the most horrible fear; he held something between his clenched teeth, and his throat was pierced with five bleeding holes as if made by iron points. A surgeon joined us, and examined the finger-marks in the flesh. He uttered the singular words

"'I should say he had been strangled by a skeleton.'

"I felt the chills run down my back, and glanced up at the wall where I had seen the horrible flayed hand.

"It was there no longer! The chain hung broken.

"I bent over the corpse, and found in its teeth one of the fingers of the vanished hand, cut, or rather shaved off by the teeth just at the second joint.

"The inquest was held, but nothing was discovered. No door had been forced, no window opened, no furniture displaced. The two watch-dogs had not wakened.

"The servant's testimony was about as follows: For a month past his master had appeared troubled. He received a great many letters, which he burned as fast as they came. Often, picking up a riding-whip in a rage that approached insanity, he would lash the dried hand that was fastened to the wall, and which had been removed so mysteriously the night of the crime. He went to bed very late, locked himself in carefully, and always kept weapons close at hand. He would often speak out loud at night as if he were quarreling with some one. On the night in question, as it happened, he made no sound, and it was only when the servant came to open the windows that he discovered Sir John had been assassinated. He had no suspicions of anybody. I reported the whole matter to the proper authorities, and the island was minutely searched. Nothing came to light.

"Now, one night, three months after the crime, I had a frightful nightmare. I dreamed I saw the hand, the hideous hand, running like a scorpion, or a spider, up and down my walls in the darkness. Three times I woke, three times I went to sleep again, and three times I saw the fleshless horror crawl around my room, moving its fingers like legs. Next day the thing itself was brought to me. It had been found in the grave-yard on Sir John Rowell's tomb. He had been buried there because his family could not be traced.

"The hand lacked its first finger!

"That is the story, ladies. There is nothing more to it."

The terrified women were pale and trembling. One of them exclaimed:

"That is not a solution, nor an explanation. We shall none of us sleep to-night unless you tell what you think really took place."

The magistrate now smiled serenely.

"Oh, I shall certainly spoil your terrible dreams, ladies," he replied; "I simply think that the legitimate owner of the hand was not dead at all, and that he came to get his severed hand back with the one he still possessed. But I certainly never discovered how he managed it. The whole thing was a vendetta."

One of the women murmured:

"I don't believe it was that way at all."

And the great lawyer, continuing to smile, concluded with:

"I warned you, you know that my explanation would not suit you."—*Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant, by Annie Lake Townsend.*

### A Bit of Sentiment.

I loved a woman once. 'Twas long ago.
I love her yet—ah, me! I loved her so!—
And, when love with us two was one with will,
I begged a gift from her. I have it still.
A curling lock, clipped from her head just where
Her white neck hid itself in ebon hair.
Time has not changed that tiny tress; I see
It sable now, as when she gave it me.

Years passed—she jilted me; and now, they say,
The hair of her I worshipped so is gray.
So, of that love affair unchanged alone remain
That little lock of hair, my hurt heart's ceaseless pain

### Calm.

There are persons possessed of such admirable serenity and self-possession that nothing can disturb them overmuch. Whatever may be the cause they are indifferent to things that shock or grieve or anger other people.

An old lady was rescued by a fireman from the fourth story of a burning building. She did not scream, nor struggle, nor resist when he dragged her from her bed, pulled her through a window, and carried her down a ladder to the street below.

When he at last put her in safety on the sidewalk, she gathered her clothes about her and said, calmly:

"Much obleeged; and if you could just run back, now, and get my duds, I'd thank you kindly."

When told that her "duds," nor nothing else, could be recovered from the building, which was now wrapped in flames, she coolly quoted the old saying, "Well, 'them as has must lose,' an' my duds wa'n't wuth much nohow."

### Chips From Funny Blocks.

A young man in a railway carriage was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman on the seat with him. "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

"Why, Mary," says her mistress, "I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder." "Yis, mum, and I did," said Mary; "but the master came in to put on a clane collar, mum, and he lost the button."

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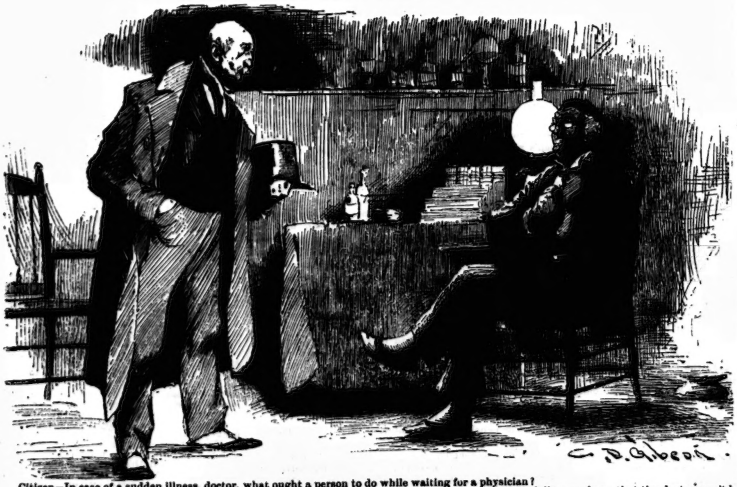

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## Chaperonage.

The custom of chaperonage, we notice, is obtaining a considerable foothold in fashionable circles on this continent. In England it is considered the correct thing that a young lady accepting an invitation to the theater or any public entertainment from a gentleman must be accompanied by her mother or some other elderly female to play propriety. Young people of the upper classes have few opportunities of seeing each other alone. The chaperon must always be in attendance or at least within call. The custom is a survival of an age of barbarism, and savors too much of the Oriental harem and the vigilance of the Spanish duenna who dogs the footsteps of every marriageable woman. It undoubtedly had its origin in a degrading idea of female honor, and in all likelihood has caused much more evil than it has ever prevented, by its suggestion of a fear of wrong-doing on the part of those thus jealousy watched. The prevailing Anglo-mania which afflicts New York and the leading American cities, and obtains here to a somewhat lesser degree, is doubtless responsible for its importation. What an absurd and belittling notion it is that a young lady of refined associations and good breeding is not to be trusted for a few hours of an evening in the company of a gentleman! The custom must be almost as galling to the mother or aunt who officiates as chaperon, and is dragged from a comfortable fireside to places where perhaps she does not care to go, feeling all the while that the young folks cannot help regarding her as a spy upon their actions. If a girl is naturally indiscreet or given to flirtations all the chaperoning in the world will not prevent her compromising herself. She will rather take a delight in manœuvering to outwit the maternal vigilance, and accord stolen interviews to the young man, which will be a good deal more dangerous than free and open association.

## Novel Reading.

Despite all that has been said by preachers and moralists in denunciation of novel-reading, there never was a time when more works of fiction were produced and read with avidity than the present. Instead of declining, the practice has steadily gained ground among classes who formerly indulged in it sparingly, or not at all. Now, broadly speaking, everybody who reads at all, reads novels, and many people read nothing else. Religious people who, a generation ago, would have regarded works of fiction with abhorrence, now peruse the latest story out without any qualms of conscience. Argument and denunciation have utterly failed in convincing the world of the folly or evil of this form of relaxation. This being the case, it is not surprising that the opposition to fiction is perceptibly weakening. It is felt by the most sensible religious teachers that indiscriminate condemnation of this important branch of literature has been a mistake, and that more good would have been accomplished by judicious counsel, as to the selection from the mass of fictitious writing turned out by the press, of those best worth reading.

The censure of the guardians of public morals should be directed, not against novel-reading—for that is both foolish and futile—but against the indiscriminate devouring of everything in the shape of story-writing unloaded on the market. That every intelligent man will admit to be an evil, and a great one. Life is short, and novels are many. It would be impossible to read even the new ones as fast as they are issued. There are novels which everyone ought to read—which not to have read stamps one as an ignoramus—novels which rank among the masterpieces of literature, embodying the idea of great thinkers and creative geniuses. No one who wishes to pass as ordinarily well-informed can afford to be ignorant of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, George Eliot and Victor Hugo. On the other hand there are a countless number of fictions which it is an utter waste of time to read, even though you skip three-fourths of them. Works devoid of originality, feeble or turgid in style, false in sentiment and containing nothing that is true to life or nature. It is just as easy to read a good novel as a poor one—in fact, much easier, except to those who, owing to omnivorous feeding, have lost the faculty of discrimination. Where there is so much literature of every class that has stood the test of time it is a shameful waste of opportunities to pore over trashy, ephemeral works that are forgotten as soon as read. The reading of good novels is really an important part of education, and it is a pity to see it neglected, as it often is, because moral censors with more zeal than wisdom have lumped all works of fiction in the same category, instead of drawing the line between froth and substance.

## Cultured Women.

One of the most hopeful indications of social progress is the interest now taken in the higher education of women and the disposition on the part of a large proportion of young girls not to rest satisfied with the meagre list of attainments which were formerly considered sufficient to qualify them to adorn any station. A loftier standard of culture and intelligence is now demanded. The time is now fortunately gone by when a thorough acquaintance with literature and the knowledge of any other language than our own, with the exception of French, was deemed rather derogatory than otherwise to ladyhood. To be "strong-minded" is no longer a reproach to a woman. It is often the case that owing to the fluctuations of fortune delicately-reared ladies, deprived of their natural protectors are thrown on their own resources and compelled to struggle for their daily bread. Surely the parent who does not see to it that his daughters are in some measure equipped against such a contingency by the development of their mental capacities to a greater degree than was possible under the old-fashioned boarding school training falls lamentably short of his duty. Apart altogether from the practical side of the question there is every reason why women should participate in the advantages of intellectual advancement enjoyed by their brothers. We have outgrown the notion that woman is merely an animated doll—a plaything whose sole reason for existence is to contribute to the comfort of the sterner sex. In order to be in the full sense of the scriptural phrase a helpmeet for man she must be mentally on the same plane. The man of broad culture and intellectual life naturally seeks a wife who can in some measure at least share his aspirations and take part in his occupations and enjoyment. If he is disappointed in this respect unhappiness or at all events a want of that perfect sympathy which should characterize a true conjugal union is almost certain to result. Satirists have delighted to picture the "blue stocking" as a dowdy, devoid of personal attractiveness and lacking the charms and graces of refined womanhood. But there is nothing whatever incompatible between a high degree of intellectual attainment and the qualities which win the admiration and respect of mankind. On the contrary mental culture adds to the attractions of form and feature and frequently in the case of women not naturally endowed with beauty lends a charm of expression—of soulfulness which inspires a more permanent attachment than beauty alone.

## Byronic Worship.

That young man named George Gordon, who lived about the end of the last century and the beginning of this one, has created for himself a larger circle of admirers, or followers of the class who are devoted to hero-worship, than, perhaps, any other man who ever lived. He is more familiarly known as Lord Byron. When he lived here among men he was the idol of the multitude. Society did its best to help him on in the course in which his own temperament urged him too strongly. That is to say, society kept its best smile for him, its adulation, its richest viands and its most sparkling vintage. The young men of the period, like the courtiers of old, strove to make themselves as much like their king as they could, and the girls of the period each had enshrined in her heart of hearts an image—her own creation—of the handsome youth who, discontented with the forms and usages of men, poured forth his troubles in impassioned verse.

It is long since he said "Now I shall go to sleep," and was laid to rest in the village church at Hucknall. He died at such a time, and when engaged in such an undertaking as helped to elevate him in the estimation of the many who were ready to lay their tributes at his feet—the undertaking of freeing the ancient home of literature, culture and art from the hands of a semi-barbarous and degraded people. Still the influence of this man is at work in our midst, not perhaps with the same strength as during his lifetime, but enough to obtrude itself on our notice occasionally. There are romantic youths to-day, who, in the shaping of their career, have George Gordon in their minds' eye, and there are maidens who still sigh when they read the works and think of the wrecked life and the early death of Lord Byron.

Very few authors' names have come to be used adjectively, and perhaps none so extensively and so variously as that of Byron. We hear of a Spenserian stanza and a Shakesperian phrase, but never of a Spenserian glance or a Shakesperian scowl. This man's life, which was a life of misery to its possessor, misery brought on by his intense self-consciousness and an unhealthy temper, has a fascination for many with which a quiet, happy family life, terminated by a death in the fulness of years and a prospect of immortal fame, such as that of Shakespeare, cannot begin to compare. Many a young man, lured on by the glow that radiates from the name of the great poet, is led into vice, and excuses himself if his conscience demands an excuse at all, by reflecting that the great idol he worships did the same thing. A young man told me that he thought it was a grand thing to reflect that Byron—the great Byron—chewed tobacco and went spitting around just like an ordinary individual; of which the speaker was one. This was a mild case, but here was the glamor of a great man's name thrown round a bad habit. It may be said with regard to Byron as a famous American writer and orator said in speaking of Burns in this connection—"He who would gild his vices with the name of Burns is but borrowing the glory of a star to light his way to perdition."

Hero-worship is not commonly an evil. It seldom does more harm than to make the youthful—for they are generally youthful—worshippers bores to those they come in contact with, and it may sometimes do good in raising an ambitious youth's mind to a higher level than it would reach without such a stimulant. But the life and example of Byron are not good models to follow, though his poetry may be, for Byron was a great poet but not a great man. Fortunately the Byronic craze does not usually last, and few of the smitten have enthusiasm or profligacy enough in their nature to follow in the career of their model to its inevitable conclusion. The romance of the thing is soon lost in the misery of the reality. It is right that all should view with a lenient and pitying eye the career of such a man as Byron—not because of his greatness as a poet, but because of his weakness as a man. A noble nature will weep for him, but will not follow in his dare-devil footsteps.

VAN.

## Rev. Coverdale Watson.

The Central Methodist church, Bloor street, is a spacious and comfortable building, and the congregation that assembles there seems to be of the friendly, old-fashioned sort. What I have not heard before in Toronto were the responses from the "Amen corner." While it shows a certain amount of earnestness, I cannot say that I like to hear ejaculations from the brethren during the sermon. A little encouragement of that sort in the midst of a prayer sometimes has a good effect, but cries of "Amen," "Praise the Lord," are a disturbance while one is listening to a logical discourse such as Rev. Mr. Watson gave us last Sunday night. The singing is fairly good, though the choir is evidently in need of more male voices, and the soprano and contralto do not give forth a volume of sound in proportion to their numbers.

Rev. Mr. Watson, when his face lights up with the enthusiasm of his discourse, is a pleasant man to look upon. His habit of standing on one foot as if his other boot were irritating a corn is in direct violation of the rule that a man should ease the weight of his body from one foot to the other by simply bending the knee of the weary limb. In this way one can obtain relief from the weariness of standing, without that nervous movement which is so essentially feminine. Nothing gives a congregation the idea of a speaker's self-possession more than a certain sturdiness in the way he stands. Mr. Watson is an exceedingly forcible speaker and his gesticulations, though energetic and sweeping, are not ungraceful, though I would suggest that when "standing at ease" with folded arms hanging by his sides he should not hold his hands open. It is too much the attitude of a baseball catcher behind the bat and does not suggest the idea of repose. He has a deep, heavy voice capable of filling a very large building and he uses it with much more than average knowledge of elocution. Very few men are blessed naturally with such a strong dramatic voice, and the man's earnestness and energy, his thorough comprehension of what he is going to say and the zealous and sincere way in which he says it, all carry great weight.

He read the second chapter of Romans as the opening lesson, which has special reference to God's righteous punishment of sin, after which he took as his text, Matthew xxiii., 37:

"O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that were sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Then turning to Luke xix., 41, he read:

"And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it. (42) Saying, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

In his introduction he pointed out Christ's grief over impending woe. This grief was sincere, and the speaker supported the statement that Christ did not desire the death of the wicked, or that any evil should happen to man, by a long array of passages, closing with the oath, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Then, if this grief be sincere, and it cannot be doubted without making Christ a hypocrite, why did He grieve over impending woe if He could have averted it? It is shown in the text: because He could not. It was an impossibility for Him to coerce the will of those who were about to suffer, of whom He cried, "and ye would not." The text did not mean that the day of grace was past, for He said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in *this* thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace"; nor did it mean that the things which belonged to their peace were absent, for it was their refusal to accept Him of which He spake—and He was present. But these things were hid from them because they "would not."

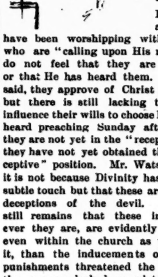
He stated the chief subject of his discourse was the Will: (1) what it is; (2) how it can be moved. He dealt first with "what it is not," combatting the theory that the will is the master of the man. It is only a part of him. It is the faculty which enables him to choose; it is the expression of his choice—of his intention—as for instance, a man's last will and testament. If it were true that a man's will were some tyrant that ruled him the whole idea of free agency would be destroyed. If a man could not accept God he would be an incapable, and being incapable would not be responsible, and not being responsible would not be blameworthy, and not being blameworthy he should not be punished. If this view would hold, a man's damnation for refusing to accept would be a piece of infinite tyranny.

Simply approving of a thing and desiring it does not constitute willing it. A man's wife may ask him to purchase her some article, and he may approve of its purchase and desire to give it to her, and may have the money in his pocket with which to obtain it. He has now arrived at the point of choice. He may desire to keep the money in his pocket to use it for some other purpose, and this desire being stronger than the other, he chooses to keep the money. So a man may approve of good things, and even desire them, but there is often something he craves more than a right to the Christian hope, and, when it comes to the choice, he follows the lust of the flesh. Willing a thing is not the mere act of a moment; it is a mental attitude.

That a man's will can be influenced is proven every day. "Just yesterday," said the speaker, "I went to a man who had decided upon a course which I thought was wrong, and labored with him two or three hours, and influenced by the force of my arguments and my conception of what I thought he should do, he changed his mind, that is, his will had been moved. Those who knew of his former intention and now seeing him taking an opposite course, would say, 'Some one has been at him.' How much more then can the will be moved by the host of arguments, inducements, and spiritual means which God has provided? The question is asked, how are all these 'means' to be brought in contact with the mind? "How shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent, as it is written, 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things'"?

Without distinctly saying so he intimated that the argument he had used with regard to man not being responsible if he had never had an opportunity of choice, that is, those who did not believe because they had heard no preaching, applied to the heathen who have not yet been preached to. From this point he hurried on to his conclusion, and with moving earnestness asked those who heard him to make the choice.

Mr. Watson is a very pleasing speaker. As an earnest exponent of Christian teaching he ranks high amongst the clergymen of the city. But his logic, while well-knit and of the class which the hearer feels should be conclusive, really ended in every instance just at that point when it should grapple with the inertia and doubts in the heart of a man. While one listened to it it seemed strong; after taking it home and trying to put it together again it seemed inconclusive, for the simple reason that it covered too much ground and left one as much as ever in the dark as to *how* we are to get into that "receptive condition," *when* we are to find the "perceptive position," of which Dr. Parsons spoke, primary to receiving the word, and *where* we are to seek. Brother Watson told us that those who "call upon the name of the Lord will be saved." This seems an easy settlement, but it does not simply mean the crying aloud of "Lord, Lord," as we are told that in that day many shall say, "Lord, Lord," and He shall tell them to depart for He never recognized them as his followers. Many of those who have been seeking the light have been "calling upon the Lord" in singing and prayer, they have been worshipping with congregations who are "calling upon His name," and they do not feel that they are yet near Him or that He has heard them. As Mr. Watson said, they approve of Christ and desire Him, but there is still lacking that impulse to influence their wills to choose Him. They have heard preaching Sunday after Sunday, and they are not yet in the "receptive" condition, they have not yet obtained the exalted "perceptive" position. Mr. Watson told us that it is not because Divinity has withheld some subtle touch but that these are blinded by the deceptions of the devil. But the fact still remains that these influences, whatever they are, are evidently more powerful even within the church as well as without it, than the inducements offered and the punishments threatened the sinner. Where the sermon lacked completeness was that these things were all passed over as the devices of the evil one. Such generalizing does not carry conviction. The average mind does not seize hold upon this as a satisfactory explanation. They feel that they are their own Satan. The majority of those who for many years have been listening to preaching which stand the doctrines of orthodoxy and the plan of salvation in a vague and general way, but they have not been aroused to the importance of the theme of salvation nor really alarmed for the future of their souls. Why is this? Is it not the fault of the preachers who are continually dealing with the little chains of logic which hold their doctrines together, to the neglect of the ties which bind men to sin and to sinners?



Instead of going down into the depths of the human soul, and with a strong hand removing the rubbish of prejudice, passion and sensuality, and reverently touching the chords of the unsatisfied heart which is hungering for love and sighing for peace, they deal with the exterior and technical, and are constantly trying to dissect the truths of the Bible, until their discourses become so blended and mixed that the mind contains no one strong picture, and is influenced by no potent impulse. To put it briefly, if the average preacher understood mankind better and theology less he would have much more influence with his hearers. The main-springs of human action must be touched and freed from debasing restraints, the affections must be enlisted, or the cleverest preachers and most learned theologians will beat the air in vain. In a sermon on Will, if Bro. Watson had selected some individuality with the workings of which he was familiar, and had followed it through its choices, had weighed the reasons influencing each decision, had off-set the passionate impulses by the intellectual discernment, had held before the eyes reason and affection as they weighed in the scales against lust, covetousness, cruelty, vindictiveness, had indeed dissected one human heart with such skill as a mortal hand can possess, he would have enchained the interest of his hearers, and might have led up to the point of choice so thoroughly that every hearer would easily recognize the something within themselves that made them choose this and reject that. It seems to me it would be much easier to pursue this system and reason from the known to the unknown, than to take Infinity as the text and ask the congregation to first grasp the great idea in order to be able to comprehend a lesser one.

DON.

## Chat From The 'Varsity.

It has been customary for the literary society committees to have a picture of themselves taken yearly. Copies of these for several years back adorn the walls of Moss Hall. It is rather interesting to see there as beardless youths and possibly modest freshmen, the faces of those with whom we are now familiar as sedate and learned lecturers. But owing to the rapid increase in the number of college societies, the photographing business has assumed rather alarming dimensions. The money thus spent by the students annually, to say nothing of the cost of framing, might, I think, be better expended in many other ways. Though the smiling photographer adopts the principle of mercy rather than justice, the pictures are generally coinparatively useless from an artistic point of view at least. The last contingent, the general committee for the present year, met at Staunton's last week.

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Mr. A. E. Mitchell, B.A., was elected president of the Knox college missionary society for next year.

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This has been a week of caucuses. During the day the men in little knots make the college halls a forum for discussion, and when night spreads out her hands and all is dark the students' rooms are the laboratories where campaign plots and conspiracies are hatched.

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The red party took the lead in publishing their manifesto. Then Messrs. Steen and Boultbee (a combination beginning to be suggestive of Beaumont and Fletcher, I had almost said Day and Martin) appeared at the head, not of a party, for these gentlemen scorn the name, but of about fifty independent men. Their scheme, however, being regarded as rather Utopian, another party appears on the scene, bound for a fight at all costs.

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On Friday night Moss Hall re-echoed to the enthusiastic cheers of either side, as the names and merits of the candidates were stated. Mr. J. McD. Duncan, B. A., will oppose Mr. W. F. W. Creelman for the presidency. Mr. Creelman is so closely identified with the club scheme, that it was thought well by his supporters that he should if possible hold the position of president of the society for another term.

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Mr. C. A. Stuart, whose name was so injudiciously used in the conflict as to stir up some bitterness of feeling, by retiring from the contest for third vice, rose higher still in the estimation of his fellow-students.

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An unwonted gloom fell upon Residence at the news of the death of W. E. Colquhoun, on Thursday of last week. The deceased was formerly a student of U. C. C., and was now in his last year at the School of Science. He was popular among the residence boys by whom he was best known. He had not been too careful of his health and a severe attack of rheumatic fever sadly terminated an illness of about five weeks. His remains were conveyed to his home at Cornwall on Friday evening.

Last Saturday evening most of the freshmen appeared at the president's house in response to his invitations. Miss Agnes Knox again contributed some readings. Solos on the banjo by Mr. Scane of the first year were much enjoyed.

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At the modern language club on Monday Mr. J. E. Jones gave an essay and Mr. N. P. Buckingham a reading. The nomination of officers for the ensuing year was held. Dr. Wilson was re-elected hon. president. TOGA.

## A Reminiscence of the Indian Mutiny.

Staff-Surgeon Parry while serving in India during the mutiny saw a strange sight.

Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chamba was a Sepoy of the Bengal army. He was brought before the authorities. Fully alive to the position the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. While the examination was proceeding the bystanders were startled by the sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaiming: "He is turning gray!" All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching with wondering interest the change coming upon his splendid jet black locks; in an hour they were of an uniform grayish hue.

## How W. K. Vanderbilt met his Wife

It may not possibly be uninteresting to recall the circumstances of Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt's first meeting with her husband. This occurred at Saratoga. Miss Smith was acquainted with the Ymagas, and when she understood that Willie K. Vanderbilt was on his way to Saratoga to be present at the garden party at the Grand Union hotel, she determined if possible to capture him. She had no dress in her wardrobe that was sufficiently handsome and suitable for the occasion, and in her predicament she applied to Miss Consuela Ymaga, now Lady Mandeville. The Ymaga family were not particularly opulent at that time themselves, but Mrs. Ymaga had among her belongings a very stylish and striking gown which would have answered Miss Smith's purpose had it not been that the front breadth, as I believe the ladies call it, was handsomely decorated with a wine stain of very considerable proportions. Miss Smith thought, however, that she could arrange this all right, took the dress, and agreed to pay $50 therefor. The dress was sent to her room. With a few dollars in her pocket she went to one of the small fancy goods stores in Broadway, Saratoga, and purchased enough good lace to drape the front and hide the stain. The result of all this womanly engineering was that she appeared at the garden party looking unusually attractive, met Mr. Vanderbilt there for the first time, and in due course of events was married to him. In marrying Ferdinand Ymaga, Miss Smith's sister did not do quite as well as she, while Miss Mimi's prize in the matrimonial lottery seems scarcely to be a prize at all.

## Here and There.

*For Saturday Night.*

Toll me, O spirit of my heart, why lays
The pall of silence on the bier of mirth?
Why mem'ry's sigh for pleasant byegone days
That unto men gave laughter happy birth?
Why gloom within thy halls, Terpsichore,
And erstwhile flesh of beasts to us denied?
Oh wherefore thus? Kind spirit! whisper me.
And low the spirit, pityingly, replied
"Because, my son, 'tis Lenten-tide."

EUSTACE KIRBY.

* * *

The city should take care to secure the ground now occupied by the Horticultural Gardens as a public park. It has been offered to them by the Horticultural society if they will assume all responsibility connected therewith. The plot of land is about ten acres in extent, five of which has always been the property of the city and the balance held by the lease of the Horticultural society from Senator Allan. The Hon. Mr. Allan is willing to waive any rights he may retain in the matter if it is taken over by the city and managed in connection with the park system. The property is only encumbered to the extent of $35,000, and there should not be a moment's hesitation in the matter. Not only from the standpoint of a business investment, but from the absolute necessity experienced by the eastern end of the city for a park of that class, the matter becomes imperative, and the council ought to consummate the deal before the offers are withdrawn. No private capitalist would refuse to accept it on such terms. No private capitalist could have the interest in it that the citizens have, and any hanging back is simply a dilatory management of the city's business which is inexcusable.

* * *

Much is being said in the evening papers with regard to City Solicitor McWilliams. He is such a pleasant man to meet, is a kind and self-sacrificing friend and is so companionable that any criticism of his management of the affairs of the office of City Solicitor seems malicious to those who do not watch municipal affairs. The fact remains, however, that he has not been conscientious in the discharge of his duties, but absolutely neglects the interests of the city, not only in matters of legislation, but in such municipal deals as profit private parties and injure the financial worth of city property. He has had warnings enough, and they seem ineffectual. With most exemplary patience the city has borne his mistakes and his neglect, and it is time to make a final appeal which, if disregarded, should result in his dismissal. It is doubtful if any other city official had pursued the same course as City Solicitor McWilliams he would have been treated so leniently. He has had more chances to rectify his errors and change his methods than any other man in the employ of the corporation. His recent mistake in delaying the City bill should be the last call. It will be a stretch of the Mayor's prerogative if he is not suspended, but if for good-fellowship's sake he is again excused it should be for the last time, and he should know that public patience is at last worn out.

* * *

The following letter has been received from the Rev. Mr. Shorey. In making my criticism last week I used the exact words of the *World's* newspaper report, which was given as if *verbatim*, and if there be any misquotation or separation from the context that journal is to blame:

*Editor Saturday Night.*

DEAR SIR,—In last week's issue of your paper you have made some comments upon my sermon of the Sunday evening before which I venture to think do grave injustice to both my head and my heart. You quote the following sentence from a report of that sermon: "Even if this Bible did not distinctly state that this punishment was eternal, he would still believe it, and preach that doctrine."

Let me say the above is not a correct report of what I said. In the first place I did not entitle my sermon "Eternal Punishment," but "Future Punishment," and it was largely a review of the grounds for any belief in man's restoration beyond this life. I said in closing, "The issue can be clearly stated thus: has God done all that can be done, consistent with the maintenance of man's freedom, to save man? The Cross answers that question. If then the utmost that God can do to save man does not save him, what will, what can?" Then I said, "Even if there were no distinct and positive statements in the Bible on this point, I should yet be obliged to believe as I do, and feel that there is no ascertained ground for hope of man's restoration beyond this life."

This I humbly submit is a very different thing from being "so in love with doctrine of the eternal punishment" that even without scriptural authority, I should yet believe and preach it.

With regard to the logical point involved, I have only to say that we probably reason from totally different premises, and hence by just as much as we are logical, must reach totally different conclusions.

But I cannot at present see that the doctrines of "predestination" and "future punishment" stand or fall together. I regard the one as purely abitrary, taking place before man has being or character. The other I regard as not arbitrary, but the inevitable outcome of conduct and character, and related to sin as effect is to cause.

Let me say in conclusion that I am not concerned to be "orthodox" any more than I am to be "liberal," whatever that word may mean. I am concerned, deeply concerned, to be *right*.

Yours truly,
Toronto, March 19, 1888. S. J. SHOREY.

"Don" did not say that predestination and everlasting punishment stand or fall together; simply that on Mr. Shorey's lines they would both be rejected. As to one being arbitrary and the other self-inflicted, I refer him to Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, in Elsie Venner, replying to the argument that if a child is taken very young it can be moulded into almost anything, in effect, said, "Yes, but it will have to be taken very young, sometimes three or four hundred years before it is born." So strong are pre-natal influences, heredity and force of surrounding circumstances, that a life of sin and crime seems the inevitable fate of many people, and thus everlasting punishment may become as arbitrary a doctrine as predestination. I point this out simply to indicate to Mr. Shorey the truth of what "Don" said, that his logic always stops short when it reaches the human phase of his problem.

* * *

A memorial service in honor of the late lamented Emperor was held in the German Lutheran church on Bond street on last Sunday. The church, which was handsomely draped in black, and tastefully decorated with flowers, was filled to the very doors with the best class of German residents in this city, representing every part of the Fatherland, from the Rhine to the Vistula and from the German ocean to the Tyrol. Among others were Consul Nordheimer, Ex-Alderman Steiner, Mr. Heintzman, Mr. Braun, president of the Liederkranz, which society as well as the Turn Verein furnished a goodly contingent. The service was opened with the Dead March in Saul, then prayer by the pastor, the Rev. C. M. Genziner, and singing by the choir. The sermon, or rather the eulogy, was a complete and eloquent review of the late Emperor's glorious career, the rev. pastor giving an outline of the deceased monarch's life from the cradle to the grave in terms which must have sounded sweetly in the ears of the sons and daughters of the Fatherland. He finished by invoking the Divine blessing on the Imperial German family, on the old Fatherland and on the not less dear adopted home. During the offertory Mr. Reimers sang the German version of "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" splendidly. The benediction brought the service, which is creditable to the Germans, who in their new homes do not forget the ties of the old, to a close.

* * *

The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will no doubt take an interest in the last story by the author of Vagabondia, now appearing in these columns. Mrs. Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy, published as a holiday book a year ago, is accredited a first place in the list of juveniles of the century. It is not an exaggeration to say that in all literature there is not a sweeter, nobler story for children than this. Sara Crewe, just published by the Scribners, follows closely the vein of Fauntleroy. It partakes largely of the peculiar gentleness of touch and deep and hearty sympathy with childhood that characterized the other book. Mrs. Burnett is no doubt well known to our readers as an English girl who married an American.

* * *

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy has returned from Ottawa, where he has been preparing a bust of his Excellency the Governor-General from sittings at Government House. Mr. MacCarthy has completed the bust, and the likeness of our very popular Governor-General is said to be very good, it having met with the approval of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Lansdowne and their friends. Mr. MacCarthy is now busy upon the design for the late Col Williams' monument, which he is to cast in bronze for Port Hope.

That petite and pleasing little comedienne, Minnie Palmer, has been charming large audiences at the Grand all week in My Brother's Sister and My Sweetheart. In the former comedy—if it really deserves the name of comedy, it is so light and intangible—she has the widest opportunities for exhibiting her varied talents, gifts and graces. Since I saw her last she has very much improved. When I remember her in her first success, Our Boarding School, she was a lively little hoyden much prone to exhibiting striped hose—so much so that nobody spoke about Minnie Palmer without mentioning her stockings. Like the kiss and Emma Abbott, hosiery and Minnie Palmer were almost synonymous. During the last three or four years she has developed a much more refined style, and can even affect the emotional with a more reasonable degree of success. She has been seen in My Sweetheart so often it is unnecessary to describe it. In My Brother's Sister, an old, piano-tuner, Archille Henried de la Bernadot, is a poverty-stricken French nobleman, who is earning his living by piano-tuning, and Mr. McManus' make-up in this character was exactly that of our fellow-citizen, Baron Helmrod. Nadine, his daughter, who has been brought up as a boy, in the dual role of brother and sister, is exceedingly funny, and has an opportunity when masquerading as Miss Parker of Boston of displaying the famous collection of diamonds, which are said to be worth $200,000. The big jewel she wore as a corsage pin alone represents $100,000. Perhaps these figures are a little high, but it was the most gorgeous display of precious stones which has been seen outside of a jewelry store in this city. The rest of the cast averages very well, but is of an exceedingly emotionless sort, though Mr. Clarke, as Waldcofer Grosserbv, was funny in his exaggerations of English character. Though Minnie Palmer will never be an actress of the magnetic sort, like Rosina Vokes, she dances so well and sings so pleasantly—in spite of the fact that she hasn't a voice for that sort of thing—and is so full of vivacity and kittenish frolic that no one can sit and see her for an evening without carrying away a very pleasant remembrance of the little lady and her coquettish smile.

* * *

She is one of the money-making stars who is not afflicted with too much husband. In private life she is Mrs. Rogers, and Mr. Rogers is her manager, and one of the pleasantest gentlemen who ever checked the receipts of a night's performance. He married her when she was making her first attempts to star, and she has achieved her fame and made her money under his management, and those who suppose that the private lives of actors and actresses cannot have the sweetness and content which sometimes fall to the lot of less public personages will find in them a good example of happiness and conjugal felicity, which cannot be excelled in the most retired domesticity. Socially Mrs. Rogers is as gay and engaging as she is on the stage, and her many friends delight to see and hear of her good fortune.

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To those who admire the lurid and the gory, Eagle's Nest, as given at the Toronto Opera House, seems about the proper caper. Every scene is redolent of life on the wild Sierras. Hearty was the applause of the gods, and well sustained, as it ever is and should be, when virtue reigns triumphant, and vice receives its usual crushing in the final act. Be this as it may, Jack Trail—the hero of the play—is a wonderfully taking character. Frank in bearing, graceful in all his movements, and with a strong dash of personal magnetism, Mr. Edwin Arden carried his audience with him in every act. Miss Agnes Arden, as Rose Walford, is a very ladylike heroine, and fairly strong in some emotional parts. The character of Daniel Dibsey—a limb of the law—as portrayed by Mr. Carl Andersen, is a laugh provoker, and kept the house in a state of constant merriment. Mr. Emmett Corrigan made a presentable stock villain in the character of Robert Blasedon. A bright little soubrette is Jennie Christie, who, as Sierra Suze, lorded it over her henpecked Dibsey to the huge delight and satisfaction of the gallery. The balance of the support was better than so-so, and to all who like such stirring plays as Eagle's Nest, why Eagle's Nest is just about the play they would like.

* * *

Next Monday those wonderful gentlemen, the Hanlon Brothers, will present their merry and surprising Le Voyage en Suisse, at the Grand Opera House, for one week with matinees Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. This mirthful reproduction of old Mr. Dwindledown's bridal tour through Switzerland partakes of the qualities of musical pantomime, comedy, farce, and spectacle. Since it last amused and amazed the play-goers of this city, it has been so remodeled, improved, and repolished as to be in great part entirely new. Four new characters have been added, and a number of new, ingenious tricks, for which the Hanlons have become famous the world over, have been introduced. The Hanlons will appear as Bob and John, the two model servants.

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The first act opens with the capsizing of the stage-coach, scattering the passengers over the stage. This is a signal for the fun to begin. The second act transpires on a Swiss sleeping-car, which is apparently in motion, in which many funny incidents take place. The act concludes with an explosion and tableau, showing the passengers clinging to telegraph-poles, trees and other convenient objects. The closing scene takes place in the Rigi Kulm hotel, where several disguises are assumed and specialties introduced. In this act is seen an Alpine snow scene, representing Switzerland in winter. The cast: Edward Hanlon, Edward Edwards, William Herbert, T. H. Glenney, Harry Vaughn, William E. Wilson, Charles F. Waton, Henri Conradi, Robert Butler, Richard Jones, Thomas W. Riley, Miss Emily Bancker, Miss Ethel Grey, Miss Helen Mortimer, Miss L. Baker, Alie Vance, Carrie Morton, May Jones.

* * *

Mellow, genial, happy, beaming and clever Ben Maginley will begin a week's engagement at Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House on Monday evening, with special matinee Good Friday, when he will be seen here for the first time as Brian Maguire in the romantic musical drama, Inshavogue. The name of the play is taken from the nick-name of the hero, Brian Maguire, a leader of the Peep O'Day boys of 1798. The story is one of deep interest, and the action abounds in stirring incidents. Opportunities are also offered for bringing forward an Irish piper, and for introducing other musical and special features by way of giving the performance diversity.

STAGE GOSSIP.

I see by the papers that La Tosca is proving altogether too rich for even the theater goers of fast New York. It must be a mighty tough play that proves too strong there, and yet they talk seriously of getting Anthony Comstock to interfere with the play. Well, let him. It will only prove a big advertising card, especially if Miss Davenport takes the play to Chicago, as that city is just fast enough to stomach anything that is irregular and Frenchy.

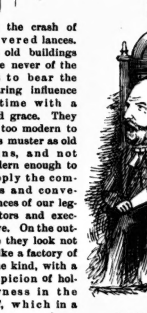
The most finished artist among the ladies of the Casino company is Bertha Ricci. She has voice, action, taste and education. Her salary is $200 a week. Lillian Grubb, who a few seasons ago traveled with the Pop company at a chorus girl's salary, gets $200. Mark Smith, who got about $50 with Fun on the Bristol, receives $175; and Jimmy Powers, who never dreamed of playing comic opera, gets $150. The salary list of the Casino road company in The Marquis amounts to $1,250 a week.

Edwin Booth is one of the most inveterate of smokers, and must spend a small fortune yearly in the indulgence of his taste for the fragrant weed. As a rule he smokes cigars, and they are a particular brand, furnished him by a manufacturer, and from which he never changes. At home in his study he burns a mixture of costly and fragrant tobacco in a great water pipe, and there is always a little table spread with a great array of pipes of al makes from which his visitor can make a choice if he prefers.

There have been some big successes this season so far, and the theatrical yield in several fields promises a rich harvest. Booth and Barrett's will, without doubt, realize the largest receipts yet known for any single combination. Henry Irving's average will be greater than ever before. Richard Mansfield will net some place in the neighborhood of $50,000. The Erminie winnings will foot up a nice round sum. Mrs. Langtry will be one of the most successful of stars from a financial standpoint. The Henrietta, up to being burned out at the Union square, was a great winner. The Academy struck it rich with Mazulm. Henry Abbey fairly coined money with young Hofmann. Augustin Daly has not played to poor houses during the season. Paul Kauvar, Pete, and The Wife have also been big money makers, and She and The Still Alarm have no fault to find. Many others might be named.

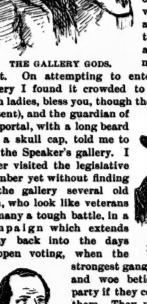
## Sketches in the House.

MR. SPEAKER.



THE PREMIER.

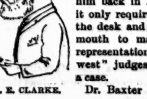
THE GALLERY GODS.



MR. HARDY.

G. W. ROSS.

MR. GARSON.



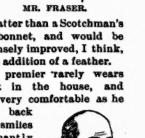
COL. GIBSON.

H. E. CLARKE.

went down the other day to the old red-brick building on Front street where the law makers of this province are assembled for their annual tournament. It is not often of the heavy slugging kind, and startling indeed is the occasion when the lists tremble with the rush of opposing champions and the crash of shivered lances. The old buildings were never of the sort to bear the wearing influence of time with a good grace. They are too modern to pass muster as old ruins, and not modern enough to supply the comforts and conveniences of our legislators and executive. On the outside they look not unlike a factory of some kind, with a suspicion of hollowness in the roof, which in a house, as in a horse, denotes "the sere and yellow leaf." Inside, they have a faded, shabby-genteel, boarding-house appearance, which reminded me of Aunt Jane's "sitting-room" in the old house, which required all her efforts to make passable until her new house was built. On attempting to enter the ladies' gallery I found it crowded to the door (not with ladies, bless you, though there were a few present), and the guardian of the portal, with a long beard and a skull cap, told me to try the Speaker's gallery. I never visited the legislative chamber yet without finding in the gallery several old men, who look like veterans of many a tough battle, in a campaign which extends away back into the days of open voting, when the strongest gang held the poll, and woe betide the other party if they could not whip them. They usually take a painful interest in the proceedings, and their political persuasion can easily be read in their faces by their expression when men of the different parties are speaking. Sometimes, however, even their zeal is not sufficient to make the proceedings interesting enough to keep them awake, and I saw one old man asnore, of which the member for Lincoln took a wicked advantage, I judge, for from the movements of his pencil and steadiny and frequent glances towards the sleeper, I fancy he was sketching him. One who visits the house for the first time is struck with the free and easy appearance of the members. They lounge back in their chairs, many with their hats on, and it looks very much as if some of them were striving to get the worst looking slouch hats they could find. Put one of these on a member's head, lay him back in his chair, and it only requires his feet on the desk and a cigar in his mouth to make a perfect representation of the "far west" judges "sitting" on a case.

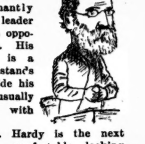
Dr. Baxter makes an excellent speaker as far as presence is concerned. He is tall and well-built, and looks dignified and imposing in the chair. In my opinion he loses some of this dignity when he puts that three-cornered affair on his head to read the titles of some bills.

MR. FRASER.



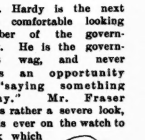
A. M. ROSS.

It is flatter than a Scotchman's blue bonnet, and would be immensely improved, I think, by the addition of a feather. The premier rarely wears a hat in the house, and looks very comfortable as he leans back and smiles benignantly at the leader of the opposition across the floor. His invariable attendant is a small grip sack which stands on a cane to a table beside his desk, and which is usually full to the brim with papers.

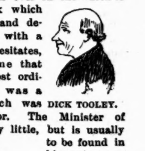


JOHN WATERS.

Mr. Hardy is the next most comfortable looking member of the government. He is the government wag, and never loses an opportunity of "saying something funny." Mr. Fraser wears rather a severe look, and is ever on the watch to challenge any remark which reflects on his work and department. He talks with a fluency which never hesitates, and it seemed to me that beneath even his most ordinary remarks there was a latent sneer which was entirely uncalled for. The Minister of Education speaks very little, but is usually to be found in his seat, wearing a hard felt hat tipped well over his nose, and nervously pulling at his whiskers. The leader of the opposition has the same habit of stroking his beard and ruffling his hair, which is cut short, and which droops over his high forehead in what a barber would consider a very inartistic manner. When he speaks he stands erect, with his head well up, and gesticulates with his open hand, which he holds slightly extended and jerks up and down occasionally somewhat like a pump-handle.

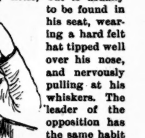


DICK TOOLEY.

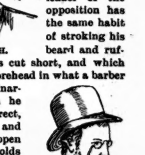


W. R. MEREDITH.

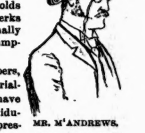
Of the other members, some of whom are pictorially represented here, I have not space to speak individually and point out the impressions they made on me by their speaking and appearance. There is a vacant place on the treasury bench this year on account of the absence of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, and the Commissioner of Public Works is trying to spread himself out so as to fill up the vacant space. The members, on the whole, are a good-looking mixture of young and old, with young predominating. Some of them do a great deal of thinking and very little talking. Their eloquence is of the silent kind, but, if they think correctly and clearly, perhaps it is well that many of our representatives are silent members.



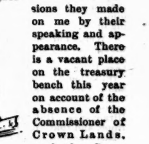
MR. M'ANDREWS.



EX-SPEAKER CLARKE.



MR. PARDEE.



THE MACE.

MACK.

---

J. M. Hill and his star, Margaret Mather, are at loggerheads, and it looks as though the affair was another case of too much husband. As long as the young actress remained single her business relations with Mr. Hill appeared to be entirely satisfactory, but as soon as Habercorn attached himself to Miss Mather in the capacity of husband matters assumed an entirely different form. It appears that Miss Mather's share of the profits for six years were only $4,500, and the young lady and her husband express astonishment that the figures were so small. They have demanded an account on the part of Manager Hill, which he says he is perfectly willing to render. Lawyers have been called in on both sides, and unless the matter is speedily settled the public are likely to be treated to some scandalous details.

*Registered in Accordance with the Copyright Act.*

# WIDOWER JONES.

**A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."**

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

*Author of "Furmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH LOU REVEALS HERSELF.

Bess and Lou had not gone to bed when Bacon Jones returned home after his lively experience at the Gilberts'. They had intended to overwhelm him with reproaches and demand an explanation of the declaration he had made at dinner time, but the gray pallor of his face and the furious look in his eyes warned them to be silent, and without a word he hurried off to bed, while they sat in bewildered consultation as to the meaning of his sudden change of demeanor.

"I guess she wouldn't have him," whispered Lou.

"He looks as if she had given him a good setting out," answered Bessie. "I haven't seen him look so furious since Ben went away."

"Isn't it glorious!" cried Lou, jumping lightly up and down. "Maybe he'll quit acting so silly if Ruth's really told him what a fool he is making of himself."

So they whispered and laughed and wondered what she said to him, until they went to bed and lay awake for hours picturing the scene between their father and the girl he felt so sure of marrying.

Next morning breakfast was no sooner over than the Deacon, having donned his Sunday clothes, hitched up his horse and drove away from the homestead in sullen silence. He hadn't been gone twenty minutes before Ben, who had discarded his wig and disguise, opened the kitchen door and strolled in.

"Good morning, sisters," he remarked, as they looked up in surprise, scarcely recognizing his clean-shaven face. Pulling up his coat sleeve he exclaimed tragically: "See, there is the strawberry mark; I'm your i-e-ong lost brother; come to me a-r-runs," and almost before she had recognized his voice he had seized Bessie in a sudden and overwhelming embrace.

"Why, it's Ben!" cried Lou, clapping her hands.

Bessie could say nothing, but burying her face in her brother's shoulder began to cry.

"Yes, it is Ben come back to make trouble," he said, stooping down to kiss Lou who had rushed up to him, her face beaming with pleasure. "What's little Bessie crying about," he asked softly, patting her red-brown hair. "I can't ever tell what makes you women cry. Sometimes you laugh till you cry and again you quarrel till you cry; and sometimes you cry from joy and sometimes from vexation. Which is it makes my little sister moisten the bosom of my coat with her tears?" As he spoke he gently lifted her face till he could see her tear-stained eyes.

"Oh, Ben, Ben. I'm so glad you've come back," she sobbed.

"You are glad, are you, sissy? It's worth a long trip to make you so glad you have to cry about it. I believe I could almost cry a little myself if I half tried, so you had better quit or my streaming eyes will take all the curl out of your hair."

Lou was watching her sister's emotion with a look of apologetic disgust, which Ben resented by an increased tenderness as he caressed the loving face of his favorite.

"What makes you say you are glad, little Bessie? Was there some particular need of my comforting presence; some actual necessity to be here and engage in deadly conflict with the Deacon?"

"Well, I should say so," interrupted Lou. "Father's running around like mad, trying to get somebody to marry him, and we have been just praying for you to come and make him behave."

Bess, who had dried her eyes and stood lovingly watching her brother, felt she would rather talk to him alone, and her silence afforded Lou a splendid opportunity to give an extended description of her father's eccentricities.

"Well, didn't you two expect him to act in that way?" inquired Ben, lazily stretching himself in the Deacon's arm-chair. "It doesn't surprise me. "I told Bess before I went away that the old man was mapping out a future for himself with some young damsel as his blushing bride."

"Father and Hope scarcely speak now, and people are telling the *awf* lest stories about her! But, first of all, I forgot to tell you father was smitten with some young girl out west. We had to hear about her cooking and housekeeping for a month after he got back. And then after he dropped Hope he began making eyes at all sorts of people, and yesterday at dinner, when Mr. Spring and Frank Gaylor and the McTaggers were all here, he told us he was going to get married again, to the handsomest girl hereabouts, and that he was going right off to see her and fix the day. Frank Gaylor found out who it was, and came back and told us it was Ruth Gilbert, and I tell you, if we didn't give her a setting out after we heard it, nobody ever got one. I'll bet her ears burned! But, do you know, when father got home last night he was in such a rage he couldn't speak, so I guess something must have gone wrong, but none of us dare ask him what it was. I guess Ruth must have upset his temper somehow, and Bess said she hadn't seen him so mad since you went away as he was when he rushed off to his bedroom last night."

"Now, sisters," said Ben, impressively, "we don't want to be the talk of the town, so let me warn you not to breathe a word of what you have just been telling me to anybody, and I'll undertake to see that he doesn't marry in this district while I stay in it; and I have come here with the intention of making quite a long visit."

"Oh, Ben, I hope you'll never go away again," exclaimed Bessie.

"Well, Bessie astore, I won't bind myself to stay here always, but I'll agree to stay long enough to make father move away or else behave himself. Where's Hope?"

"She has gone to school," answered Bessie, "and a hard enough time of it she's having, poor girl, for the scholars act just frightful since these stories have been going around about her; and she's had to whip a lot of the big boys for being rude and saying thing to her that sie can't stand."

"I admire her grit. A good many women under the same circumstances would have quit the school long ago, and gone to live with decent people, where every slander isn't believed as soon as it is started."

"I don't know where she would have gone to," suggested Bessie. "I guess everybody is alike in believing bad of folks. I know I feel awfully ashamed the way I talked about Ruth Gilbert last night when I thought father was going to marry her."

Just then the morning express thundered past the farm house and Lou jumped off the table, exclaiming, "I'm going up to the post office. I have been applying for the Tedley school, and I expect a letter this morning."

Nothing could have suited Ben better. He wanted a quiet talk with Bessie, and Lou's unsympathetic chatter worried him. When Lou had gone he called Bessie over to the big chair in which he sat, placed her on the broad arm, and with both her hands in one of his he began:

"Bess, tell me what you think about these things. Lou doesn't seem to have the slightest idea of the meaning of what has been happening. What about Hope?"

"Wasn't it awful the way Lou spoke about Hope! I think it is a frightful shame the way she has been treated. I know father proposed to her, and I believe he started those stories because he was so mad when she refused him."

"It would be just like him. He is mean enough for anything," said Ben thoughtfully, his brows arrown. Then with a laugh he added: "I was up at Gilbert's last night when he proposed to Ruth, and took in the whole thing. When she wouldn't have him he turned on her and threw up everything nasty he had ever heard about her."

"Tell me all about it," cried Bessie, eagerly. "I feel as ashamed as can be of the way we talked about Ruth, when there was no one to stand up for her excepting Hope and Israel."

Ben gave a hurried but graphic description of the scene the night before, putting force emphasis on the Deacon's sneers at their mother.

"I'm going to follow the Deacon everywhere he goes and give him just as hard a trip as he has had with Ruth. I don't want anyone to hear of last night's adventure or the poor girl will be talked about as shamefully as Hope has been. And I tell you what, Bess," he exclaimed restlessly, "I'm going to follow up these stories about Hope and see what they mean. Though she didn't like me any too well when I was home in the summer I guess by this time she has found out that my opinion of the Deacon was pretty near right. I wonder when I could get a chance to talk to her without the old man knowing it, for I don't want him to think I'm taking her part, or it will make my task all the harder."

"There won't be any chance to talk to her at noon hour, so you had better wait till after four o'clock," answered Bess. "You might walk home with her from school, and if father isn't here I will be watching for you and let you know."

"If she'll only take me into her confidence and tell me the causes of these remarks it will be an easy matter to clear them up. I only wish Mrs. Hooper was not a woman; it would give me a world of pleasure to wring her nose. You mark my words," continued Ben after a pause. "I'll drive father away from this place inside of two weeks. I am going to get my house ready to shelter you and Lou when the old man turns you out."

While he and Bess were laying plans for the future, Lou returned in great glee with a letter in her hand, appointing her mistress of a school in the little village of Tedley, a dozen miles away. In her exuberant spirits she chattered like a magpie, telling the wonderful things she was going to do with her salary, and what a good time she would have when she was her own mistress and could buy new dresses without having to beg them from her father.

"Say, Ben," she asked, sitting sideways on the arm of the chair opposite Bessie, and looking inquisitively at her stalwart brother, "how did you make so much money? Father and Bess had a terrible row over it the day you went away. When we told him that you had bought the Birch farm he said he'd bet you must have stole the money, and Bess flew at him like a tiger, and when I told her she had better wait till she really knew how you did make it, before making such a fuss, I thought she was going to scratch my eyes out."

If Lou had considered for a moment she never would have permitted her desire to find out Ben's business to lead her into making this disclosure. The words were hardly out of her mouth before she saw her mistake, Ben's face darkened as he turned sharply towards her, and his eyes had anything but a pleasant look in them.

"Lou," he said, sternly, "let me advise you, now you are going out in the world for yourself that minding one's own business is the surest way of keeping out of trouble. If I had seen fit to tell you how I had acquired what little I have, I would have done so without any hints or questions from you, and, because I didn't, it was ill-mannered for you to inquire, and you had no reason to suspect me of getting my money dishonestly. I am glad, in your anxiety to obtain information, you've told me how loyal Bess has been to me while I was away. I would suggest that you subdue your curiosity, or you will have the village of Tedley about your ears, and come home from your school with half your hair pulled out. Now that you have shown such an itching to know my business I'll tell you—I have no reason for concealment—I have made part of my money as an actor and the rest of it through fortunate speculation."

The fear sprang up in Lou's sordid little soul that she had irretrievably damaged her prospects of getting hold of any of Ben's wealth and she made the wildest assurances that she had never suspected him of having gotten his money wrongfully, and what she had said to Bess was only in a joke.

"Lou, my child," said Ben gravely, "learn not to joke about anyone's reputation. It is one thing that won't stand joking. The more one's character is open to suspicion the more faith and loyalty must we demand from our friends. You promised me last summer when I came home and we had that long walk in the lane that you would always believe in me and defend me, right or wrong, and yet you forgot so soon. That is just like you women. Don't think me scolding you, Lou; you have only acted as most women would. Bessie here is not like the rest of her sex. The more a man is down the closer she would stick to him."

*(To be Continued.)*

### Perhaps So.

The work of youth is the ease of old age.

Whisky never yet floated a man to fortune.

Cheerfulness beats a whole apothecary shop.

A man is often in bad company when he's alone.

A bad husband always has a bad mother-in-law.

There is but one thing more plentiful in this world than advice—dirt.

The world is full of prophets who foretell things after they have happened.

If you want money—work for it. You might get it otherwise by stealing; but that is very risky.

If you think you are wise, ask your wife how often she thinks you have been a fool since your wedding day.

### In Front of a Fish Market.

"Ma, is it a sin to covet those things that do not belong to us?"

"It is, my child."

"Then I don't want any of those lobsters and fish in the window."

"That's a different thing, my dear. It is a good sign to covet fish and lobsters in Lent, for if shows your mind is set on heavenly things."

### Sentiment.

Poetry! That daughter of the Muse,
Who clothes her form in roseate hues,
Whose eyes are moist with heaven's dew—
This lovely creature visits few.

I very often wish that she
Would condescend to visit me;
But, with a laugh of scorn, she cries:
Do humming-birds stoop down to flies!

GERTRUDE ELLEN WATSON.

### Clips.

He was a regular orthodox spring poet—stage hair, whiskers on his trousers and all—and he came in with a time-worn, four-by-six poem, tied around the waist with a green ribbon. He wore a dictionary in the basement of the aforesaid trousers in case of an emergency. The editor sized him up with practiced eye, dusted off a chair with his coat-tails, shook him warmly by the hand, took the poem, tenderly placed it in a drawer and handed the poet a certified check for a hundred dollars. The plot succeeded. The poet gazed at the check, then at the editor, and dropped dead.

It is said that the number of languages and dialects spoken in the world is 3,004, yet there isn't enough to properly express the feelings of the man who stoops down suddenly and finds that there is an aching void between his suspenders and his trousers.

Mr. Cheek—I owe you $10, Griggs; can't you let me have $5 more to make it $15?

Griggs—Ya-es, I guess I can go you a fiver; but will you tell me what kind of nerve food you use?

In Montreal.

Boss Shoemaker—Did you send those No. 18 shoes Mrs. Smith ordered?

Clerk—Yes; but she sent them back and got 28s. There was a mistake. They were for the last year's baby, not the new one.

Parson Blank is a good sort of a fellow who preaches short sermons, prefers practical religion to dogmatic theology, keeps quiet in church counsels and has a good deal to say in his own congregation, runs a rare lot of working charities, and is forever and forever bracing his flock for special contributions. He does not pass the plate round the pews but he puts his own personal hat right in front of his parishioners and explains what he wants and why he asks for it. The other day he tackled a Broad street baldhead for a coal fund, when the same got out his check book, proceeded to study the stubs, read out a good list of charities and wound up:

"See here, doctor, now. I really can't afford it. There is moderation in all things, but you do beat the devil."

"That's what I try to do, anyhow," was the brisk reply.

He got his check and he deserved it.

A work on etiquette says: "A genteel carver always sits when he carves." Perhaps he does; but it is pretty certain that there are times when he yearfully yearns to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with the fowl.

He (with deep passion)—Oh, Geraldine, my darling, I love you so. I love you so. Be mine, dearest, be mine.

She (with suppressed emotion)—Oh, Harold, you are so sudden. I must have time to——

He (unguardedly)—Don't mention it, darling. Time is nothing; money's the thing and you've got plenty.

Wanted—Information. A young gentleman tried to kick a football for goal, at the Polo Grounds recently. He missed the ball and was last heard from passing over Omaha. Will the finder, if kindly disposed, please return him to Harvard College—carefully packed.

He is either a very good or a very self-possessed young man who doesn't turn more colors than there are hues in a crazy quilt, when his possible father-in-law asks him to say grace at the family table.

A fashion item states that sealskin sacques are now made so that they cannot be distinguished from real plush.

Youth (in deep, passionate, tender tones)—How can I tear myself away?

Girl's father (putting his head into the room)—The tearing won't be done away, it will be done in the front yard. I have just loosed the dog.

"No," she said, as she leaned back in the *fauteuil* and let her jeweled fingers toy idly with her lace-edged mouchoir: "I cannot account for Clarence Bangle's remarkable success with the girls. He is not young; he is not handsome, he is not rich. His intelligence is of a low and groveling order, and he is never borne aloft on the wings of poesy and romance. *Mais il y arrive, tout de meme.*" (But he gets there all the same.)

**The Mystery Solved.**

Clara—I wonder what has become of my new tidy! I haven't seen it since Mr. Sopp was here this afternoon.

**Where it Was.**

**At the Hamilton Station.**

She—I don't see why they're always poking fun at Hamilton. See all these people! There is large population on.

He—Going on—yes, to Toronto and London.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# VAGABONDIA:

## A Love Story.

### BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

*Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.*

### CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE PHILISTINES BE UPON US.

"We are going," said Dolly to Ralph Gowan, "to have a family rejoicing, and we should like you to join us. We are going to celebrate Mollie's birthday."

"Thanks," he answered, "I shall be delighted."

He had heard of these family rejoicings before, and he was really pleased with the idea of attending one of them. They were strictly Vagabondian in their peculiarities, which was one recommendation, and they were entirely free from the Hilberry element, which was another. They were one of their affairs, it is true, and set etiquette and the rules of society at open defiance, but they were cheerful, at least, and nobody attended them who had not previously resolved upon enjoying himself and taking kindly to even the most unexpected state of affairs. At Bloomsbury Place, Lady Augusta's "coffee and conversation" became "conversation and coffee," and the conversation came as naturally as the coffee. People who had jokes to make made them, and people who had not, were exhilarated by the bon-mots of the rest.

"Mollie will be seventeen," said Dolly, "and it is rather a trial to me."

Gowan laughed.

"Why?" he asked.

She shook her head gravely.

"In the first place," she answered, "it makes me feel as if the dust of ages was accumulating in my pathway, and in the second, it is not safe for her."

"Why, again?" he demanded.

"She is far too pretty, and her knowledge of the world is far too limited. She secretly believes in Lord Burleigh and clings to the poetic memory of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid."

"And you do not?"

She held up her small forefinger and shook it at him.

"If ever there was an artful little minx," she said, "that Beggar-maid was one. I never believed in her. I doubted her before I was twelve. With her eyes cast down and her sly tricks! She did not cast them down for nothing. She did it because she had long eyelashes, and it was becoming. And it is my impression she knew more about the king than she professed to. She had studied his character and found it weak. Beggar-maid me no beggar-maids! She was as deep as she was handsome."

Of course he laughed again. Her air of severe worldly experience and that small warning forefinger were simply irresistible in their way.

"But Mollie," he said, "with all her belief in Cophetua, you think there is not enough of the beggar-maid element in her character to sustain her under like circumstances?"

"If she met a Cophetua," she answered, "she would open her great eyes at his royal purple in positive delight, and if he caught her looking at him she would blush furiously and put a little, and be so exquisitely ashamed of her weakness that she would be ready to run away, but if he was artful enough to manage her aright, she would believe every word he said, and romance about him until her head was turned upside down. My fear is that some false Cophetua would consequently for her benefit some day. She would never doubt his veracity, and if he asked her to run away with him I actually believe she would adopt the idea. We shall have to keep sharp watch upon her."

"You never were so troubled about Aimee?" Gowan suggested.

"Aimee!" she exclaimed, "Aimee has kept us all in order, and managed our affairs for us ever since she was ten years old. Her boots and a coral necklace. She regulated the household in her earliest years and will regulate it until she dies or somebody marries her, and what we are to do then our lares and penates only know. Aimee! Nobody ever had any trouble with Aimee and nobody ever will. Mollie is more like me, you see—shares my weaknesses in minor sins, and always sees her indiscretions ten minutes too late for redemption. And then since she is the youngest, and has been the baby so long, we have not been in the habit of regarding her as a responsible being exactly. It has struck me once or twice that Bloomsbury Place hardly afforded a fair training to Mollie. Poor little soul!" And a faint shadow fell upon her face and rested there for a brief moment.

But it faded out again as her fits of gravity usually faded, and in a few minutes she was giving him such a description of Lady Augusta's unexpected appearance upon a like occasion in time past, that he laughed until the room echoed, and forgot everything else but her inimitable air and the audacious grotesqueness of her mimicry.

It being agreed upon that Mollie's birthday was to be celebrated, the whole household was plunged into preparations at once, though, of course, they were preparations upon a small scale and of a strictly private and domestic nature. Belinda being promptly attacked with inflammation of the throat, which was a chronic weakness of hers, was rather inconveniently, but not at all to the sorrow of her employers, incapacitated from service, and accordingly Dolly's duties became varied and multitudinous. But still she was not unprepared for them.

Sudden inflammation on the part of Belinda was so unavoidable a consequence of approaching demand upon her services as to have become proverbial, and the swelling of that young person's "tornsuls," as she termed them, was anticipated as might be anticipated the rising of the sun. Not that it was Belinda's fault, however; Belinda's anxiety to be useful amounted at all times to something very nearly approaching a monomania; the fact simply was that, her ailment being chronic, it usually evinced itself at inopportune periods. "It's the luck of the family," said Phil. "We never loved a tree or flower," etc.

And so Belinda was accepted as an unavoidable inconvenience, and was borne with, cheerfully, accordingly.

It was not expected of her, in fact, that she should appear otherwise on the eventful day, than with the regulation roll of flannel about her neck. Dolly did not expect it of her at least, so she was not surprised, on entering the kitchen in the morning, to be accosted by her grimy young handmaiden in the usual form of announcement:

"Which, if yer please, miss, my tornsuls is swole most awful."

"Are they?" said Dolly. "Well, I am very sorry, Belinda. I can't be helped though. Mollie will have to run the errands and answer the door-bell, and you must stay with me and keep out of the draught. If you can help a little, I dare say, if you are obliged to stay in the kitchen."

"Yes, 'm," said Belinda, and then sidling up to the dresser, and rubbing her nose in an abasement of spirit, which resulted in divers startling adornments of that already rather highly ornamented feature. "If yer please, 'm," she said, "I'm very sorry, Miss Dolly. Seems like I ain't never o' no use to yer."

"Yes, you are," said Dolly, cheerily, "and you can't help the sore throat, you know. You are a great deal of use to me sometimes. See how you save my hands from being spoiled; they wouldn't be as white as they are if I had to polish the grates and build the fires. Never mind, you will be better in a day or so. Now for the cookery-book."

"I never seen no one like her," muttered the delighted Sepoy, returning to her vigorous cleaning of kettles and pans. "I never seen no one like unto on 'em, they're that there good-natured an' easy on folk."

It was a busy day for Dolly, as well as for the rest of them, and there was a by-no-means unpleasant excitement in the atmosphere of business. The cookery, too, was a success, the game pates being a triumph, the tart beautiful to behold, and the rest of the ordinary experiments so marvellous in their way, that Griffith, arriving early in the morning, and being led down into the pantry to look at them as a preliminary ceremony, professed to be struck dumb with admiration.

"There," said Dolly, backing up against the wall in her excitement, and thrusting her hands very far into her apron pockets indeed. "There! what do you think of that, sir?" And she stood before him in a perfect glow of pretty triumph, her cheeks like roses, her sleeves rolled above her dimpled elbows, her hair pushed on her forehead, and her general appearance so delicously business-like and agreeably professional, that the dusts of flour that were so prominent a feature in her costume, seemed only an additional charm.

"Think of it," said Griffith. "It is the most imposing display I ever saw in my life. The triumphing upon those tarts are positively artistic. You don't mean to say you did it yourself?"

"Yes," regarding them critically—"ev-er-y bit," with a little nod for every syllable.

"Won-der-ful!" with an air of complimentary incredulity. "May I ask if there is anything you can not do?"

"There is absolutely nothing," sententiously. And then somehow or other they were standing close together, as usual, his arm around her waist, her hands clasped on his sleeve. "When we get the house in Putney, or Bayswater, or Peckham Rise, or whatever it is to be," she said, laughing in her merry musical way, "this sort of thing will be convenient. And it is to come, you know—the house I mean."

"Yes," admitted Griffith, with dubious cheerfulness, "it is to come—some time or other."

But her cheerfulness was not of a dubious kind at all. She laughed again, and patted his arm with a charming air of proprietorship.

"I have got something else to show you," she said; "something up-stairs. Can you guess what it is? Something for Mollie—something she wanted which is dreadfully extravagant."

"What!" exclaimed Griffith. "Not the maroon silk affair!"

"Yes," her comical doubt as to the wisdom of her course expressing itself in a whimsical little grimace. "I couldn't help it. It will make her so happy, and I should so have liked it myself if I had been in her place."

She had been going to lead him upstairs to show it to him as it lay in state, locked up in the parlor, but all at once she changed her mind.

"No," she said; "I think you had better not see it until Mollie comes down in state. It will look best then, so I won't spoil the effect by letting you see it now."

Griffith had brought his offering, too—not much of an offering, perhaps, but worth a good deal when valued according to the affectionate mood will it represented. It was a little, a very warm corner in the young man's tender heart, and the half-dozen pairs of gloves he produced from the shadow of an inconvenient pocket of his great-coat, held their own modest significance.

"Gloves," he said, half-apologetically, "always come in; and I believe I heard Mollie complaining of hers the other day."

Certainly they were appreciated by the young lady in question, their fitness evidenced by disposing of a slight difficulty of addition to her toilet.

The maroon silk was to be a surprise; and surely it ever was surprise more unalloyed. Taking into consideration the fact that she had spent the earlier part of the day in plaintive efforts to remodel a dubious garment into a form fitting to grace the occasion, it is not to be wondered at that the sudden realization of one of her most hopelessly vivid imaginings rather destroyed the perfect balance of her equilibrium.

She had almost completed her toilet when Dolly produced her treasure. Nothing, in fact, remained to be done but to don the dubious garment, when Dolly, slipping out of the room, returned almost immediately with something in her arm.

"Never mind your old alpaca, Mollie," she said. "I have something better for you here."

Mollie turned round in some wonder to see what she meant, and the next minute she turned red and pale with admiring amazement.

"Dolly," she said, rather unnecessarily, "it's a maroon silk!" and she sat down with her hands clasped, and stared at it in the intensity of her wonder.

"Yes," said Dolly, "it is a maroon silk, and you are to wear it to-night. It is Phil's birthday present to you—and mine."

The spell was broken at once. The girl got up and made an impulsive rush at her, and, flinging her bare white arms out, caught her in a tempestuous embrace, maroon silk and all, laughing and crying both together.

"Dolly," she said, "Dolly, it is the grandest thing I ever had in my life, and you are the best two—you and Phil—that ever lived!" And not being so eloquent by nature as she was grateful and affectionate, she poured out the rest of her thanks in kisses and interjections.

Then Dolly, extricating herself, proceeded to add the final touches to the unfinished toilet, and in a very few minutes Miss Mollie stood before the glass regarding herself in such ecstatic content as she had perhaps never before experienced.

"What going to be here, Dolly?" she asked, after taking her first survey.

"Who?" said Dolly. "Well, I scarcely know. Only one or two of Phil's friends and Ralph Gowan."

Molly gave a little start, and then blushed in the most pathetically helpless way.

"Ah!" she said, and looked at her reflection in the glass again, as if she did not exactly know what else to do.

A swift shadow of surprise showed itself in Dolly's eyes, and died out almost at the same moment.

"Are you ready?" she said briefly. "If you are, we will go down stairs."

There was a simultaneous cry of admiration when the two entered the parlor below, and Miss Mollie appeared attired in all her glory.

"Here she is!" exclaimed Toinette and Aimee, together.

"Just the right shade," was Phil's immediate comment. "Catches the lights and throws out her coloring so finely. Turn round, Mollie."

And Mollie turned obediently, a trifle abashed by her own gorgeousness, and looking all the loveliest for her momentary abasement.

Griffith was delighted. He went to her and kissed her, and praised her with the enthusiastic frankness which characterized all his proceedings with regard to the different members of the Bloomsbury Place family. He was as proud of the girl's beauty as if she were a sister of his own.

Then the object of their mutual admiration knelt down upon the hearth-rug, before Tod, who, attired in ephemeral splendor, had stopped in his tour across the room to stare up with bright baby wonder at the novelty of warm, rich color which had caught his fancy.

"I must kiss Tod," she said; no ceremony was ever considered complete, and no occasion perfect, unless Tod had been kissed, and so taken into the general confidence. "Tod, come and be kissed."

But, being a young gentleman of by no means effusive nature, Tod preferred to remain stationary, holding to the toe of his red shoe and gazing upward with an expression of approbation and indifference commingled, which delighted his feminine admirers beyond expression.

"He knows it is something new," said Toinette. "See how he looks at it." Whereupon, of course, there was a chorus of delighted acquiescence, and Aunt Dolly must needs go down upon the hearth-rug, too.

"Has Aunt Mollie got a grand new dress on, Beauty?" she said, glowing with such pretty, childish, admiring adoration of this object of all ruling babydom, as made her seem the very cream and essence of lovableness and sweet nonsense. And than, Master Tod, still remaining unmoved by adulation, and still regarding his small circle of tender sycophants with round, liquid, baby eyes serene, and tiny, dewy, red lips apart, was so effective in this one of his many entrancing moods, that he was no longer to be resisted, and so was caught up and covered with ecstacy.

"He notices everything," cries Aunt Dolly; "and I'm sure he understands every word he hears. He is so different from other babies."

Different! It was just like him, he thought. There was not one of them but indignantly scouted at the idea of there ever having been existed such a combination of intellect, gifts and graces. The most obtuse of people could not fail to acknowledge his vast superiority, in spite of their obtuseness.

"But," remarked Aimee, with discretion, "you had better stand up, Mollie, or you will crush your front breadths."

So, Mollie, with a saving recollection of front breadths, arose, and so it chanced just in time to turn toward the door as Ralph Gowan came in.

He was looking his best to-night—that graceful, enviable, thorough-bred best, which was the natural result of culture, money and ease; and Mollie, catching sight of Mollie's guileless blushes, deplored, while she did not wonder at them, understanding her as she did. It was just like the girl, she thought, feeling herself the center of observation, but she could not help wishing that her blush had not been quite so quick and sensitive as one.

But, if she had flushed when he entered, she flushed far more when he came to speak to her. He held in his hand a bouquet of flowers—a rare wonder of waxen, white camelia buds and bloom, and dark, shadowy green—quite a whim in the way of bouquets; a whim of his own, he said.

"I heard about the maroon dress," he added, when he had given it to her, "and my choice of flowers was guided accordingly. White camelias, worn with maroon silk, are artistic, Mollie, your brother will tell you."

"They are very pretty," said Mollie, looking down upon them in grateful confusion; "and I am much obliged. Thank you, Mr. Gowan."

"A great many good wishes go with them," he said, good-naturedly. "If I were an enchanter, you should never grow any older from this day forward." And, really, his speech was something more than idle compliment. There was something touching to him, too, in the fact of the child's leaving her childhood behind her, and confronting so ignorantly the unconscious dawn of a womanhood which might hold so much of the bitterness of knowledge.

But, of course, Mollie did not understand this.

"Why!" she asked him, forgetting her camelias, in her wonder at his fancy.

"Why?" said he. "Because seventeen is such a charming age, Mollie; and it would be well for so many of us if we did not outlive its faith and freshness."

He crossed over to Dolly then and made his well-turned speech of friendly greeting to her also, but his most ordinary speech to her had his own subtle warmth in it, for he loved ing very fond, dangerously fond of Dolly Crewe. But Dolly was a trifle pre-occupied; she was looking almost anxiously at Mollie and the camelias.

"He has been paying her a compliment or she would not look so fluttered and happy," she was saying to herself. "I'M not jealous. It may please him, but it is dangerous work for Mollie."

And when she raised her eyes to meet Ralph Gowan's, he saw that there was the ghost of a regretful shadow in them.

She had too much to do, however, to be troubled long. Phil's friends began to drop in one by one, and the business of the evening occupied her attention. There was coffee to be handed round, and she seated at a side-table and poured it out herself into tiny, quaint cups of old china, which were a relic of former grandeur, and as she moved to and fro, bringing one of those quaint cups to one, or a plate of fantastic little cakes to another, and flavoring the whole repast with her running fire of spicy speeches, Gowan found himself following her with his eyes and rather extravagantly comparing her to ambrosia-bearing Hebe, at the same time thinking that in Vagabondia these things were better done than elsewhere.

The most *outre* of Phil's hirsute and carelessly-garbed fellow Bohemians somehow or other seemed neither vulgar nor ill at ease. They evidently felt at home, and admired faithfully and with complete unison the feminine members of their friends' family; and with a readiness to catch at the bright or grotesque side of any situation evinced itself in a manner worthy of imitation. Then, too, there was Tod taking excursionary rambles about the carpet, and far from being in the way, on the contrary, rendering himself an innocent center of attraction. Brown cracked jokes with Mrs. Jones bribed him with cake to the performance of before-unheard-of feats, and one muscular, fiercely mustached and bearded young man, whose artistic forte was battle-pieces of the most sanguinary description, appropriated him bodily and set him on his shoulder, greatly to the detriment of his paper collar.

"The spirit of Vagabondia is strong in Tod," said Dolly, who, at the time, was standing near Gowan upon the hearth-rug, with her own coffee-cup in hand; "his chief characteristic is his readiness to accommodate himself to circumstances."

Through the whole of the evening Mollie and the camelias shone forth with simple resplendence. Those of Phil's masculine friends who had known her since her babyhood felt instinctively that to-night the Rubicon had been passed. Unconscious as she was of herself, she was a thoughtlessly imposing lady, in silk, and these free and easy, good-natured fellows were the very men to be keenly alive to any subtle power of womanhood. So when they addressed her their manner was a trifle subdued, and their deportment toward her held its own faint savor of delicate reverence.

And so Dolly—truth to be told, Dolly was in her element. Her little songs, her little supper, and her little plans of entertainment were all perfect success, and, in a small way, she was quite brilliant. Such jokes as she made and such laughter as she managed to elicit through the medium of the smallest of them, and such apposeness and tact as she displayed in keeping up the general fusilade of bon-mots and repartee! It would have been impossible for a witticism to fall short of its mark under her active auspices. Intendence, even if witticisms had been prone to fall short in Vagabondia, which they decidedly were not. She kept Griffith busy, too, from first to last, perhaps because she felt it to be the safest plan; at any rate she held him near her, and managed to keep him in the best of spirits all the evening; and more than once Gowan, catching a glimpse of her as she addressed some simple remark to the favored one, recognized a certain bright softness in her face which told its own story. But there would have been little use in openly displaying his discomfiture, so after feeling irritated for a moment or so Ralph Gowan allowed himself to drift into gradual attendance upon Mollie, and being almost gratefully received by that young lady he did not find that the time passed slowly.

"I am so glad you came here," she said to him. plaintively, when he first crossed the room to her side. "Who is so hate Brown?"

"Brown!" he echoed. "Who is Brown, Mollie, and what has Brown been doing to incur your resentment?"

Mollie gave her shoulders a petulant little shrug.

"Brown is that little man in the big coat," she said, "the one who went away when you came. I wish he would stay away. I can't bear him," with delightful candor.

"But why?" persisted Gowan, casting a glance at the side of the room where Dolly stood talking to her lover. "Is it because his coat is so big, or because he is so little that he is so objectionable? To be at once moral and instructive, Mollie, a man is not to be judged by his coat."

"I know that," returned Mollie, her unconscious innocence asserting itself; "it isn't that. You couldn't be as disagreeable as he is if you were dressed in rags."

Gowan turned quickly to look at her, forgetting even Dolly for the instant—but she was quite in earnest, and met his questioning eyes with a frank and pathetic ignorance of having said anything extraordinary. Indeed her faith in what she had said was so patent that he found it impossible to answer her with a light jest jesting special.

"It isn't that," she went on, pulling at a glossy green leaf on her bouquet. "If he liked—if he wouldn't—if he didn't keep saying things—"

"What sort of things?" asked Gowan, to help her out of her difficulty.

"—don't know," was the shy reply. "Stupid things!"

"Stupid things!" he repeated. "Poor Brown!" and his eyes wandered to Dolly again.

But it would not have been natural that he should not be attracted by Mollie, after all, and in the course of time in a measure consoled by her. She was so glad to be protected from the advances of that pathetic young person, poor Brown, that he found it rather pleasant than otherwise to constitute himself her body-guard; to talk to her as they sat, and to be her partner when a set-dance came, which accidentally enlivened the evening's entertainment. She danced exquisitely, too, he discovered, and with such grace and dignity of her own accord, that the movements as was quite magnetic, and made him half reluctant to release her when their first waltz was ended, and she stopped all afluah with new bloom.

"I am so fond of dancing," she said, catching her breath in a little sigh of ecstasy. "We all are. It is one of the things we can do without spending any money, you know."

It was shortly after this—just as they were standing in two and threes, chatting and refreshing themselves with Dolly's confections and iced lemonade—than an entirely unexpected advent occurred. There suddenly fell upon the general ear a sound as of rolling wheels, and a carriage stopped before the door.

Dolly, standing in the midst of a small circle of her own, paused in her remarks to listen.

"It is a carriage, that is certain enough," she said—"and somebody is getting out. I don't hear—and then a light breaking over her face in a flash of horror and delight in the situation commingled. "Phil," she exclaimed, "the Philistines be upon us—it is Lady Augusta!"

And it was. In two minutes that majestic and amiable lady was ushered in by the excited Belinda, and announced in the following rather remarkable manner:

"If yer please, Miss Dolly, here's yer aunt, Mr. Phil!"

For a second her ladyship was speechless, even though Dolly advanced to meet her at once. The festive gathering was too much for her, and she paused in the middle-ground over Mollie in all her bravery, holding her flowers for her, and appearing so evidently at home, that she was quite speechless. But she recovered herself at length.

"I was not aware," she said, to Dolly, "that you were holding a—" pause for a word sufficiently significant, "that you were holding a reception," a scathing glance at the pensive Brown, who was at once annihilated. "You should have informed me of your intrusion. I thought, of course," emphasis, "that I should find you alone, and as I had something to say to you concerning—" pause, "I decided to call to-night on my way from the conversazione at Dr. Bugby's—perhaps, Dorothea, your friends," emphasis again, "will excuse you for a moment, and will take me into another room," this last as if she had suddenly found herself in a fever hospital and was rather afraid of contagion.

But apart from Mollie, who pouted and flushed, and was extremely uncomfortable, nobody seemed to be either chilled or overwhelmed. Phil's greeting was so cordial and unmoved a one, that her ladyship could only proffer him the tips of her fingers in imposing silence, and Dolly's quiet air of placid good humor was so perfect in its way, that it was as good as a modest theatrical entertainment.

Lady Augusta was not prepared for that most untroubled countenance, after her ladyship had honored Gowan with a word or so, kindly signifying her intense surprise at meeting him in this house, and rather intimating, delicately, that she could not comprehend his extraordinary conduct, and hoped he would not live to regret it.

The interview was not a long one, however. In about ten minutes the carriage rolled away, and the guests were left to the joyr with glow of new color on her cheek, and a dying-out spark of fire in her eye, and though her spirits did not seem to have failed her, she was certainly a little moved by her encounter.

"Let us have another waltz," she said, rather as if she wished to dismiss Lady Augusta from the premises. "I will play this time. Phil, find a partner."

She sat down to the piano at once, and swept off into one of Phil's own compositions, and from that time till the end of the evening she scarcely gave them a moment's pause, and was herself so full of sparkle and resources that she quite enraptured Gowan, and made the great shabby room and the queer shabby life seem more novel and entrancing than ever.

But when the guests were gone, and only Griffith, who was always last, remained with Phil and the girls, grouped about the fire, the light died out of her mood, and she looked just a trifle anxious and tired.

"Girls," she said, "I have some bad news to tell you—at least some news that isn't exactly good. Lady Augusta has given me what Belinda would call 'warning.' I visit the select precincts of Bilberry House as governess no more."

There is no denying it was a blow to them all. Her salary had been a very necessary part of the family income, and if they had been straitened with it, certainly there would be a struggle without it. And then, as I have said, they were not very well versed in domestic economy.

"Oh!" cried Mollie, remorsefully. "And you have just spent nearly all you had on my dress. And you do so want things yourself, Dolly. What shall you do?"

"Begin to take in daily papers and peruse the advertising column," she answered, courageously. "Never mind, it will all come right before long, and we can keep up our spirits till then."

But despite her assumed good spirits, when she went to see Griffith out of the front door, she held to his arm with a significantly clinging touch, and was so silent for a moment that he stooped in the dark to kiss her, and found her cheek wet with tears.

It quite upset him, too, poor fellow, and he had been moved sympathetically enough before. Dolly crying and distrait was a state of affairs fraught with anguish to him.

"Why, Dolly!" he exclaimed, tremulously. "Dolly, you are crying!"

And then she did give way, and for a minute or so quite needed the shelter and rest of his arms. She cared for no other shelter or rest; he was quite enough for her in her brightest or darkest day—just this impecunious young man, whose prospects were so limited, but whose affection for her was so wholly without limit. She might be daunted, but she could not remain long uncomforted while her love and trust were still unchanged. Ah! there was a vast amount of manliness in the simple, silent pressure of the arm within that shabby coat-sleeve.

So, as might be expected, she managed to recover herself before many minutes, and receive his tender condolences with renewed spirit; and when she bade him good-night she was almost herself again, and was laughing, even though her eyelashes were wet.

"No," she said, "we are not going to destruction, and I'm sure we are not going to be cross. The family luck must assert itself some time, since it has kept itself so long in the background. And in the meantime—well," with a little parting wave of her hand, "Vagabondia to the rescue!"

*(To be Continued.)*


SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own.
As nice a home as could be found,
A handsome parlor store and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
Home furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although with plenty blest,
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If you but do the same as we.
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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

### The Esthetics of Luncheon.

How to dress to go to a luncheon is a leading question, but it is one that is not entitled to half the importance that is accorded it. Imprimis, luncheon is a mid-day meal, and it should be eaten in mid-day costume.

It is singular how tawdry evening, or as the term goes, full dress, however elegant, appears by daylight. Satins and silks, that at night reflect rich, brilliant tints, become dull and lusterless in the merciless light of day; and no wise woman will don them in such an hour. A sage has said it were better to be under-dressed than over-dressed; better then, be the most somber-arrayed woman in the assemblage than the one who is most gorgeously dressed.

There are few more difficult tasks, let me affirm, than proclaiming set rules for dress. Feminine caprice will not be bridled, and, while we venture to state that visiting costumes are the accepted luncheon toilettes, we confess at the same time that there are visiting costumes *and* visiting costumes. Many of them, carriage dresses, as they might be the more appropriately called, are elaborate creations of cloth, velvet and passementerie, rich in coloring and design. Of course it is generally understood that no lady goes to a luncheon table wearing either her bonnet or gloves. A luncheon, however elaborate it may be, is more or less an informal repast, and while at a dinner, until the first or raw oyster course, the gloves are retained upon the hands, at a luncheon they are removed and left upstairs in the dressing-room.

Given an artistically-dressed luncheon table, a well chosen bill of fare, an array of some eighteen or twenty well-dressed women, and what do they talk about? Stag parties we have been made familiar with; we have heard their speeches, their witticisms, their sarcasms, their keen cuts, widely chronicled; but what can a concourse of fashionable women talk about? Mallock, in his New Republic, makes Laurence invent a dinner conversation, saying: "It has always seemed so absurd to me to be so careful about what we put into our mouths and leave chance to arrange what comes out of them." The recurrence of the expression brings with it the thought how charming the innovation presented might prove. To be sure, we cannot all be as original as Mallock, but we can at least, reap the benefit of Mallock's wit, and try the effect of a "bill of conversation" upon a party of assembled friends. It would, without doubt, elicit some spicy criticisms.

### Bygones.

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words, of anger born;
Ye thoughts unkind, and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn;
Against your memory we rebel—
We have outlived your foolish day;
No longer in our hearts you dwell—
Bygones! Bygones! pass away

But oh, ye joyous smiles and tears,
Endearments fond, and pleasures past;
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to last;
Ye charities and words of peace,
Affection's sunshine after rain;
Oh, never let your blessings cease—
Bygones! Bygones! come again!

### A Lesson in Real Life.

Angry matron (to messenger boy)—See that saloon over there?

M. B.—Yes'm.

A. M. (holding out nickel inducement)—See this?

M. B. (unhesitatingly and precipitately hiding the gratuity)—Yes'm.

A. M. (with a volubility that increases her color)—Well, my husband's in there. Go right in and tell him—he's got a red nose and a limp collar, and talks kinder thick, and looks like he hadn't been abed for a week—tell him his wife says she's close by, and if he don't waltz out quicker'n a wink she'll bust in and take him out.

M. B.—Yes'm. (And in nine seconds he is back.) I told him, mum, an' the whole caboodle of 'em skipped outer the back door. I guess all your husbands muster been there at once.

### A Little Learning is a Good Thing.

A wrong meaning is often taken from the saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." A little learning is a good thing. The men who have left their impress on literature, like Scott, Fennimore Cooper, Burns, Shakespeare, and hundreds or others, knew "little Latin and less Greek." They certainly had not the advantage of "a college training." The same may be said of the most famous inventors, statesmen and soldiers. We do not cite these cases with a view to underestimating the value of the most thorough education that can be had, but rather to show that a little learning is a move in the right direction, and the more learning one has the better.

### Going Like Hot Cakes.

Friend (to young author)—How is your book going off, Charley?

Young author—It's going off fast. I've already been obliged to give away most of the first edition to my friends.

Friend—That hardly pays. This is the first book you have published, isn't it, Charley?

Young author (bitterly)—No, it's my last.

### Sound Advice.

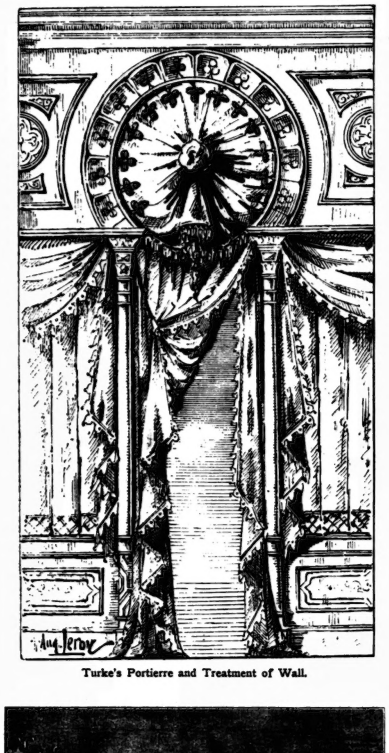
A newspaper man consulted a friend.—Brown has threatened to kick me if he meets me out in society. Suppose you were me and should see him come into the room, what would you do?

"Sit down."

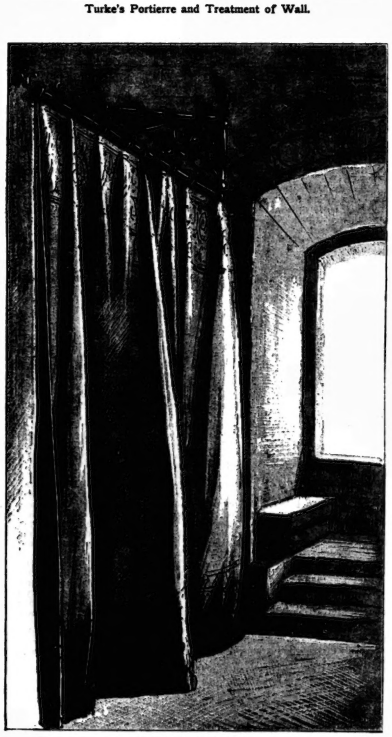
### He Had Been Cremated.

Fair feminine friend—What have you in that urn on the mantelpiece, Jane—ashes of roses?

Widow—No, ashes of John.



Turke's Portierre and Treatment of Wall.



Simple Hall Portierre.

They Each Had One.

Aspiring Poet—I have here, sir, a Spring——

Editor (pressing a button)—So have I.

### The Great Man Dress Maker.

An American lady now in Paris has been interviewing Worth, and has elicited some interesting information from him. She described Worth at work as wearing a short embroidered jacket, capacious trousers, a white flannel shirt, fastened at the throat with a loosely knotted scarf, and a brown Tam o'Shanter cap. There are ninety ladies in the establishment who do nothing but try on clothes for customers. "You see," said Mr. Worth, "more than half the ladies who come here think they know what they want when they really do not. A lady comes in, sees a certain gown, and immediately goes into rapture over it. 'I want one exactly like that,' she will say. Perhaps she is told that the shade is unsuitable, that her hair or complexion requires something quite different, that she could never wear so large a pattern, and so on, but she is seldom convinced until she sees the dress on a model somewhat resembling herself." Mr. Worth likes customers who leave the selection of their dresses entirely in his hands, and he thinks these are better pleased in the end. For example, a telegram comes from the Empress of Russia: "Send me a dinner dress." Nothing more. "We are left," he says, "freedom as to style and material. Not that the Empress is indifferent in the matter of dress. Quite the contrary. She will sometimes require that all the ladies' costumes at a certain ball be pink, or red, or blue. And her own toilettes are always masterpieces of elegance. The point is that she trusts our judgment rather than her own. In the same way, during the last few days, we have received over twenty telegrams from Madrid for ball dresses, and we shall make them up as we may think best. Of course, it is difficult to get up at any one time so many dresses and make them all different. I remember last winter receiving letters from two New York society ladies, who were very angry because we had chanced to send them both the same dress for the same event. It was a swell ball—perhaps six hundred ladies present—and in that number we had furnished certainly sixty dresses. Only think of it, sixty state dresses, all to be made at short order, and each one to be absolutely unique."

Speaking of the time it takes to produce a good dress, Worth said that he once made a gown for Empress Eugenie in three hours and a half. "Of course, such rapidity would be impossible if elaborate work was required. It often takes weeks to complete an embroidered gown. At the time of the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia we had girls working night and day for six weeks on a court-train for the Empress, which was covered with magnificent embroidery in real silver. That train alone cost 25,000fr., and will be preserved in the State Museum as an historical curiosity."

Other facts elicited from the great man milliner were that some years ago a Peruvian heiress paid £5,000 for a single gown, £4,600 being the cost of the laces alone. A few weeks ago he sold a cloak for 45,000 francs, of which 44,000 francs went for the fur. "Oh, yes," he said to an inquiry, "we count among our patrons the ladies of all the courts in the civilized world, that is, all with a single exception. Queen Victoria has never honored us with her patronage."

### A Mis-Match All Round.

What they call a Crazy Social was perpetrated in Peoria. The scheme of the thing was that everybody and everything should look and act as lunatical as possible. The supper is said to have been a sight to behold. The meats were served in cake baskets, pickles in fire shovels, mustard in cream pitchers, cheese in dustpans, cream in vinegar cruets, sugar in pickle dishes, and all that sort of thing. Everything was a mis-match. Some of the ladies even had their own husbands with 'em.

### Incompleteness.

Deep in the heart of every tender joy
A sorrow lies;
Speak blithely to the smiling face of Gain—
A loss replies;
Laugh out! the merry sounds so loud and brave
Conceal a moan;
Long for a host of dear and true, and lo!
Thou art alone;
Chase sadness off with courage high and strong,
And patience meet,
But dream not in this burdened life to find
One joy complete.


JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY

(Finish under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late of New York.)

TEACHER OF VOICE CULTURE

will organize a class and take private pupils at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street, on

Monday, March 12

MISS CHENEY will acc pt concert engagements, or as soprano soloist.

DINEEN'S HATS

Last Thursday was our

GREAT HAT OPENING

When 50 cases of Fashionable Hats were offered for inspection. All the celebrated English makes were shown: Heath's, Christy's, Woodrow's and Carrington's. American manufacturers were represented by the

Dunlap Hat of New York

For which we are the sole agents. Besides all these we took an extra pleasure in recommending to our friends

Dineen's Toronto Hat

Made for us in New York from special directions based on our knowledge of Toronto trade. Call and see it.

W. & D. DINEEN

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

FOR EASTER

Tip, tip, tap, falls the rain on the roof.
Cherp, cherp, cherp, with a lingering note
The chin bird pipes from the barren branch
The tree bud struggles with its icy coat.

Easter is coming, my lady fair.
All nature is doffing its sombre robes
The wandering blue bird is pluming for flight
And the robins are seeking their summer abode.

Now ladies, take warning and be you in time,
Adorn your head with scrupulous care,
Call at "Dorenwend's" now without any delay
For the joys of glad Easter, be sure to prepare.

The beauties I offer for bright Easter tide
Are as new as the spring plumaged bird,
Graceful and neat and wonderfully cheap,
So your visit should not be deferred.

I have made special preparation for this season's trade in order to supply the growing demand for my new styles in Bangs, Water Waves, Pampadours, and other Parisiennes. A new and very novel assortment of pins, combs, etc., has just been received from the foreign markets, together with a fine lot of toilet brushes and combs.

A. DORENWEND,

PARIS HAIR WORKS,

103 AND 105 YONGE STREET

The leading house for Fine Hair Goods in Canada.

S. J. DIXON,

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Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

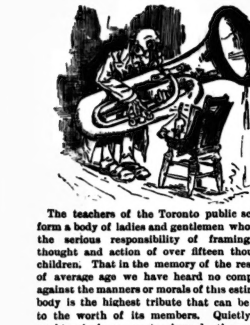
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped; and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

## Music.



The teachers of the Toronto public schools form a body of ladies and gentlemen who have the serious responsibility of framing the thought and action of over fifteen thousand children. That in the memory of the resident of average age we have heard no complaint against the manners or morals of this estimable body is the highest tribute that can be paid to the worth of its members. Quietly and unobtrusively as our teachers do their work, just so quietly and unobtrusively do they enjoy their play. When they gather together for recreation they form a little world just as complete as is that of the schoolroom. Such a gathering was the seventh annual musical and literary entertainment given by this body to itself (no mean audience itself in point of size) and its friends in Victoria hall on Friday evening last.

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Mrs. Caldwell, the ever popular, was the central star and sang the Swiss Echo song and Bishop's Lo! Here the Gentle Lark, in the latter having the valuable assistance of Mr. Arlidge's talented flute. The hall is just the size and has exactly the acoustic brilliancy that shows off Mrs. Caldwell's voice to its best advantage, and I have never heard her sing better than she did on this occasion. The large audience was fairly jubilant over her efforts. Miss Jessie Alexander gave two readings in her usual conscientious style, and was happy in the display of her versatile talent. The selections rendered by Messrs. Gorrie, Blight and Ramsay contributed much to the evening's enjoyment.

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Mr. Fisher has announced that he will retain the conductorship of the Choral society for the purpose of participating in the festival of 1889, but not with the intention of presenting any concerts with the society alone.

I have learned that as far as at present determined, the Festival Association contemplates having the full chorus sing at each of the three concerts, with a separate conductor for each event, the conductors taking charge of the full chorus rehearsals in alternation.

•

I went into a music store the other day to buy a song of which I had lost my copy. When it was done up and I asked the price I was told fifty cents. I expressed my surprise, as I had paid only thirty cents before. I was informed that I had then bought an American reprint, but that as the song was now copyrighted the American edition was excluded from the market and only the copyright publication could be bought, and that the higher price must now be paid. A little enquiry elicited the fact that all the standard music was now gradually being copyrighted in Canada, with the prospect of much of it being advanced in price about one-third. The effect of this action is various. In some instances the copyright is secured on only part of a work which excludes any reprint of the whole work. In some such cases the result is this: such a work, printed in England and sold there at a shilling, is sold here out of stock at thirty-five cents; but if it should not be in stock, you must either wait four or five weeks until it can be imported from England, or it may be ordered from the publishers' agents in New York, in which case it costs fifty cents, as we have to pay duty on the American price of an English work; in short, we in Canada must pay both American and Canadian duty. And this when an American reprint could be sold here for twenty-five cents. The same practice holds good in the case of all English works, whether they cost a penny or five shillings. For choirs or societies the difference on a large order amounts to a considerable sum.

Another result is that each music house is securing as many copyrights as it can lay its hands on, and in the endeavor to push its own publications at fifty or sixty cents, costing six or seven cents, excludes from its shelves other standard music, because there is no such fancy margin on its sale.

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Last week I went to the two principal music stores with a list of six songs, all of them well appreciated, superior concert songs, but not copyrighted in Canada. They were songs well known to and frequently used by the teaching profession, and I finished my quest by obtaining only one in each shop. Without drawing invidious distinctions, I may fairly say that these songs were better, musically and artistically speaking, than the usual run of Canadian copyrights, yet they were not to be had, and only because they were not copyrighted in Canada.

•

This plan, followed out on its present lines, will yet have the result that we shall be at the local publishers' mercy for all that is new in music, unless some of us have the benefit of an English or American connection whereby we may obtain a sight of good novelties.

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I hear that Mme. Carreno, always a brilliant Toronto favorite, will give a concert recital in the Pavilion on April 19, and will then be assisted by local talent, chief among which will be Mme. D'Auria and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

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It seems a pity that, with the undoubted talent the Harmony club possesses in its membership, these two seasons should have been allowed to go by default for lack of energy and judgment, with whose proper exercise it could easily establish a brilliant record for itself.

•

The usual display of decollete dresses and board-like shirt-fronts, with which Toronto always welcomes great artists, brightened the Pavilion on Wednesday evening, when the Campanini company made its appearance. Our audiences excel in this, and many an artist has felt deserved encouragement on beholding the evident refinement and fashion which has dazzled his astonished eyes on his debut in Toronto. Not that the artists whom Signor Campanini has gathered about him are to be considered as mere novices. Far from it. Mme. Gerster, for instance, has survived her green youth, but her voice has not. It distinctly shows the ravages of time, not only in its quality, but also in her mode of using it.

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No doubt the many illnesses and sufferings this lady has been subjected to have prematurely shortened the original beauty of her vocal organs. That she had ranked among the first of the world's singers was justified, however, by the evident excellence of her training, and by the sweetness and liquid quality of the voice when it was not forced. Campanini, at one time the curled Adonis of the opera, is also one of the heroes of the past, yet a distinct flavor of that past heroism forms a charm of his singing to-day. It is still a pleasure to hear the exquisite phrasing, the artistic and sentimental shading, that for many years was the delight of thousands, though here and there a break or a dull note may drop into the song. His great talent was especially noticeable in the Salve Dimora, a number which has won him world-wide fame.

•

Scalchi possesses such a powerful personal magnetism that while she sings you admire her superb voice and the wonderful facility with which it answers all calls upon it. Then, and then only, you feel that there is a certain carelessness of method, a something that is best described as slashing in her style, which, in a measure, is open to criticism from a severe standpoint. Still, we can readily overlook that when we hear her impetuous and even reckless singing of the drinking song from Lucrezia. Her duett with Mme. Gerster, the famous Semiramide number, was splendidly sung by both artists. I have never heard such absolute unity of musical ideals as these ladies showed in this number. The double accent, so rarely heard, was worth a term's lessons to any vocal student in the audience.

•

Mme. Torricelli, who has apparently changed her state (and small wonder—with her beauty and talent), as she was only Signorina on her first visit, again charmed all. Her violin playing shows a delicious veiled tone and admiraoly sure technique, with wonderful clearness and fidelity in chromatic passages. This executive facility, with a pronounced artistic temperament, make her one of the most satisfactory violinists that has visited Toronto.

•

The great Galassi is beginning to show signs of time in his voice, but still charms as ever. His singing of the great Il Balen was his triumph for that evening. The large audience was evidently in high good humor and encored nearly everything on the programme.

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Another surpliced choir and another choral service was added to those now instituted in the city, on Sunday last, when St. Simon's church was opened. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has had the training of the choir of thirty voices, and has produced most creditable results in the short time he has had to assimilate his material.

•

At a concert held a week ago in London, Miss Harrita L. Cheney, late of New York, but now a resident of Toronto, is described by the London press as the queen of the evening. The *Advertiser* says of her performance: "Miss Cheney, in the course of her several renditions, proved herself capable of great variation and clearness of tone, exhibiting in a large degree both pathos and precision, her efforts being evidently much appreciated by the critical audience present."

•

The Toronto Vocal society will give their next concert on Tuesday, 1st May. A very fine program is being prepared—chorus of one hundred voices.

METRONOME.

## Personal.

Miss Kate Merritt has returned from a visit of three weeks to Ottawa and Guelph.

Lady Young is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend on College avenue.

Miss Bretton, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange, sails this week for home and England.

Miss Platt of New York has left for home after a visit of some four weeks to Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, St. George street.

Major and Mrs. Foster of Earlscourt have returned to the city from British Columbia where they have been wintering.

Under the able management of Mrs. Harrison (Seranus) the ladies' department of the Art Fair, will attain a success that the object deserves.

Prof. Goldwin Smith is having his lectures which he delivered at the Grange during the winter published, and presenting the book gratis to the managers of the art fair, where they will be sold for its benefit.

### Ottawa.

At the risk of being thought redundant, I must again call attention to the political amendment that I see all around me. Actually in the House the other day Sir Richard remarked that Sir Charles was a pretty good finance minister, that he had in fact proved a better administrator of that department than any of his predecessors on that side of the house. The last or saving clause of the statement he will be adjudged was happily put in, when it is remembered that Sir Richard himself managed the money business for four years. Mr. David Mills, the pedagogic philosopher from Bothwell, I am afraid, does not take kindly to these gentle courtesies, which are springing up like delicate hares bells amongst the granite rocks of politics. So he put in a demurrer (I think this is a good legal term) against Sir Richard's estimate of the enemy's ability as a financier. He stated that the budget speech was not yet in sight, and attributed this dereliction to the fact that Tupper was a sort of political Poobah, engrossing too many offices to the detriment of the business of some of them. This was mean of the Bothwell sage, but nevertheless at that very moment he had an invitation in his coat pocket inviting him to break bread with Sir Charles that evening, and that evening did not I find him on one side of the hospitable knight, while Mr. Laurier's intellectual face lit up the other, and on either hand, around the festive board, was formed the most remarkable political *olla podrida* that could be imagined. Let us hail the new dispensation.

Speaking of Sir Charles, let me add that at no moment in his career has he possessed such power and authority with his party as he does at present, and he has never by strength, in my opinion, could lead it successfully and firmly, even were the "old man" to step down and out.

The advent of Lord Lonsdale caused a slight flutter among the residents of the capital.

Other distinguished personages who have flitted through Ottawa society for a few days are the Earl of Arran and his daughter. They stayed at Government House. Despite his title, he is an Irish nobleman—a fine looking old man. His daughter is a young lady in her teens, displaying in every turn of her pretty face and figure the high breeding of the daughter of an earl.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Perley gave a dinner party on Thursday.

A most enjoyable driving party was given on Saturday afternoon to Aylmer by a committee of gentlemen. The party left about two o'clock from the Rideau club, Capt. Percy Sandom with tandem. There were about fifteen turnouts. The drive was much enjoyed. Among those present were:—Capt. and Miss Wise, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Allan, Lieut.-Gov. Dewdney, Mr. C. J. Jones, Mr. McDonald, M.P., and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. McIntyre, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. I. K. Jones, Mr. and Miss Fleming, Miss Smith, Mrs. Crombie, Miss McLimont, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Powell and others.

Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell gave another Turkish tea on Thursday.

The lady guests of the Russell expect to give several dances after Lent.

Hon. Mr. Foster, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, gave a dinner party Thursday evening.

There was also a dinner party at Government House on Thursday evening.

The marriage of Mr. J. F. Guay, assistant engineer of the Lake St. John railway, and Miss Frederica Baillairge, daughter of the Deputy Minister of Public Works, will be celebrated here shortly.

Hon. G. W. Allan, the new speaker of the Senate, took up his residence in Mr. Speaker's quarters on Tuesday. He had taken a house on Gloucester street, but that he will give up and Mrs. Allan and the Misses Allan will reside in the building. It is certain that the proverbial hospitality of the Speaker of the Senate will suffer no diminution under the new regime.

Lord Frederick Stanley, who came out to spy out the land on behalf of his father, our next Governor-General, started on the return journey to England on Tuesday. It is understood that he will accompany his father this country but will not remain, as his present intention is to rejoin his regiment. This is to be regretted, as Lord Frederick promised to be a favorite with Canadians. However, Ottawa society is satisfied that it has still Lady Lansdowne's brother left. Lord Hamilton is exceedingly popular, and deservedly so. He is a suave, unaffected young man, with lots of accomplishments and much fun in him. He is at present engaged in getting up some private theatricals, for which we all earnestly look forward. He was the lion the other evening at Mrs. Berkeley Powell's party, and kept everybody around him amused.

WATCHMAN.

## A Serious Omission.

In the course of an interesting sermon last evening in the Baptist church, the Rev. A. P. McDiarmid said that he had read with great interest the criticisms in the TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT of the sermons delivered in some of the churches in that city. The editor of that paper, he said, for sixteen successive Sundays has visited sixteen different churches, and written in his paper criticisms of the sermons delivered. In his last publication, after criticising a sermon delivered by a popular minister, he makes this assertion in a foot-note, "For sixteen successive Sundays I have visited sixteen different churches in this city, and not once after sermon have I heard the text of a Philippian jailer answered, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

Mr. McDiarmid said that on reading this he was staggered, and it began to dawn upon his mind that perhaps he had been preaching sermons after sermon without extending the invitation of Christ and answering the question of the Philippian jailer. He said that this statement was a terrible imputation against the Christian pulpit, that any person could go for sixteen Sundays consecutively and hear the Gospel preached without hearing the answer to so important a question. He said that in the Christian church there was too much philosophy and science introduced into sermons, which should be a simple statement of facts: the death of Christ on the cross, the burial and the resurrection.—*Ottawa Journal.*

## Temperance and General Life Assurance Co.

The annual meeting of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company of North America was held on Wednesday, 14th March, 1888, at the head office of the Company, 22 to 28 King street west. The President, Hon. Geo. Ross, took in the chair. The Managing Director read the annual report of the Directors, which was as follows:

The Directors have great satisfaction in presenting to the Shareholders and Policyholders their annual report for the second year ending the 31st December, 1887, containing a full statement of the affairs of the Company.

The number of new applications for Assurance was 1,050, for $1,770,600; of these 53, for $164,500, were declined, held in abeyance or not completed. The number of Policies issued was 967, for $1,605,000, with an annual premium income of $36,269.36.

We had anticipated very favorable results on account of the equitable principles upon which the Company is based, but they have exceeded one month's anticipated, not withstanding the fact that considerable financial depression existed for a portion of the year. We are pleased to report that the business of the Company exceeded that of any other home company for its second year. This was accomplished in the face of keen competition, and in a year in which the new business of a number of the old and well-established companies was less than that of the previous year.

The Directors are much pleased to be able to state that there was only one death claim for $1,000, and that was caused by an accident. It was paid promptly on receipt of the claim papers. The Company continues to receive a most liberal support from Total Abstainers, as well as from persons in the general class. Notwithstanding the fact that Total Abstainers, who insure on our various plans, are kept in a separate section, there was a general reduction that a table should be prepared for them specially, on the natural premium plan, giving them the advantage of a lower rate of insurance. To meet this desire a new feature was introduced, which is known as the "Total Abstainers' Graded Plan," which seems to meet with general approval.

Your Directors had the valuations of the Company's policies made by the Insurance Department of the Government, and the result is submitted in the statement of assets and liabilities. This was not obligatory, but was the outcome of a desire to present unimpeachable testimony regarding the Company's full obligations to the policyholders, obtained from an independent source.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we are called upon to report to you the death of Mr. John Harris, one of your first Directors, who always took a lively interest in the affairs of the Company. This vacancy has not been filled, and it will be for you to determine whether it is expedient to do so.

All the Directors retire, but are eligible for re-election, according to the Act of Incorporation.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR 1887.

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| On Guarantee Fund | $ 1,136 66 |
| On Interest Account | 3,436 00 |
| On Premium Account | 36,450 27 |
| Total | $40,104 61 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid for Death Claim | $ 1,000 00 |
| Written off Preliminary Expense Account | 1,000 00 |
| Paid for Re-insurance | 406 59 |

*On Expense Account.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Commissions on Salaces to Agents | $ 9,285 03 | |
| Head Office Salaries | 1,800 20 | |
| Medical Fees | 2,162 00 | |
| Advertising | 1,506 52 | |
| Printing and Stationery | 865 58 | |
| Rent, Taxes, License, etc | 878 95 | |
| Travelling Expenses | 798 06 | |
| Directors' Fees | 526 42 | |
| Postage, Expressage, Telegrams, Exchange, etc | 370 81 | |
| Solicitors' Charges and Head Office Sundries | 294 35 | |
| | | $20,627 73 |

*On Assets Account.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bills Receivable Taken for Premiums | $ 6,662 65 | |
| Agents' Ledger Balances and Advances | 2,072 04 | |
| Commuted Commissions | 1,687 77 | |
| Paid for office Furniture and Fixtures | 554 40 | |
| Items in Suspense | 39 34 | |
| | | $11,016 20 |
| Less Decrease of Assets (written off preliminary account as above) | 1,000 00 | |
| | | $10,016 20 |
| Increase in Cash Balance | 7,054 09 | |
| | | $17,070 29 |
| | | $40,104 61 |

ASSETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Government Deposit | | $ 50,000 00 |
| Cash in Bank and at Head Office | | 10,963 54 |
| Bills receivable | | 7,958 19 |
| Balance of preliminary expense account | | 3,000 00 |
| Agents' Ledger balances (advances, etc.) | | 2,104 04 |
| Commuted Commissions | | 1,687 77 |
| Office furniture and fixtures | | 1,144 38 |
| Items in suspense | | 39 34 |
| Interest due and accrued | | 34 49 |
| Net outstanding and deferred premiums (full net reserve held as a reserve at Government Standard) | | 6,674 29 |
| Balance of Guarantee Fund subscribed, but not called | | 40,000 00 |
| | | $123,606 58 |

LIABILITIES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Insurance Reserve as per certificate of Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa | $28,500 66 | |
| Less value of policies reinsured in other companies | 211 94 | |
| | | $28,288 74 |
| Rent, Medical Fees, etc., due (since paid) | 614 00 | |
| Premiums paid in advance | 56 70 | |
| | | $ 28,959 42 |
| Surplus—Security to Policyholders | | 94,647 16 |
| | | $123,606 58 |

GEO. W. ROSS, President.
J. HOWARD O'HARA, Managing Director.
J. B. FUDGER, Secretary.

We have made a careful audit of the books and accounts of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and hereby certify that the accounts as set forth are true exhibits of the books of the Company to that date.

R. H. TOMLINSON, } Auditors.
DAVID MILLAR,

Toronto, March 9th, 1888.

We have made an independent examination of the receipts and disbursements for the year 1887, and find the assets and liabilities of the Company, and find them as set forth in the above statement.

SAMUEL TREES, } Auditing Committee.
JOHN FLETT,

Toronto, March 13th, 1888.

The Hon. Geo. W. Ross, President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

Gentlemen—It affords me more than ordinary pleasure to move the adoption of the report of the Directors, that has just been read. It is very gratifying to know that, although we have been organized less than two years, the business shows the vigor of a company of many years of standing. I had the pleasure of congratulating you last year on a business of $400,000; this year I have the pleasure of congratulating you on a business of $1,605,000. We have now 1,099 policies in force (representing 999 lives), amounting in all to $1,874,100. Between the two annual meetings the business of the Company has exceeded $2,000,000. When we compare the number of policies that we have issued during the year, and then take into account the number of those issued by larger companies than ours, the superior position of this Company is very evident, and the fact is apparent that we are rapidly gaining the confidence of the insuring public. The Canada Life issued 881 policies for $1,156,855, in its twenty-second year; the Confederation for its fifth year, 1,005 for $1,383,000; the Sun Life for its tenth year, 573 policies for $926,371; the North American Life for its third year issued 567 for $1,347,083, while the Temperance and General for its *second* year put in force 967 policies for $1,605,600. These figures show first, that the Company has been pushed vigorously by its Manager and Directors, and second, that our Company fills a place to-day never taken by any other Canadian company. If we compare our Company with some in Great Britain, it is very gratifying to observe that the Canadian insuring public appreciate the advantage of a company giving total abstainers the benefit of their good lives in a greater degree than British assurers. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, a British company, established on principles similar to our own, secured in its fifteenth year only $1,339,250; the Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company, twenty-one established, secured only $732,228 in its third year.

Another feature of the year's business, which will, I am sure, be very gratifying to the shareholders and policyholders, is that while the business of some of the oldest and strongest companies has decreased, owing, probably, to the tightness of the money market, the reverse has been the case with our Company.

The mortality experience for the yearpast, the cost has been comparatively small, compared with other companies, viz., $1.28 per $1,000 in our second year; while in two other companies, looked upon as very economically managed, the business cost $2.37 and $3.48 respectively for the second year. The intention of the Directors is to continue to extend the business as they have been doing for the past year, and to open up territory that is at present unoccupied. I can say nothing more than simply this: We have met frequently, and at every call the Directors were prompt and attentive to the duties incumbent upon them.

The Managing Director of the Company has labored hard and assiduously to place the Company before assurers, and I am sure the report has been submitted to you in very satisfactory. I now move the adoption of the report of the Directors.

In the absence of the Vice-Presidents, Hon. S. H. Blake (unavoidably detained at Whitby) and Mr. Robt. McLean (who was ill), Mr. Burton, chairman of the Executive Committee, seconded the motion for the adoption of the report and said: I will not take up any more time than I can possibly help, but I would like to say one or two things. I was asked to call in at any time and examine the Company's books; accordingly I called down at the office a few nights ago and made a thorough scrutiny of the accounts of the Company, and I may say that I am, myself, entirely satisfied that the affairs of the Company are carried on in a perfectly satisfactory manner. Very great credit is due the Managing Director, as well as all those connected with the institution, for the success which we have had. It has far surpassed anything I had expected. I never imagined that we would have secured anything like the present amount of business. I thought that a company established on our distinctive principles might secure considerable business, but nothing like what we have realized. We ought to feel exceedingly well pleased with the report submitted to us. Taking the results as a whole, it is very evident that the general management of this Company has been exceedingly good, and I think we cannot do better than express ourselves well satisfied with our brilliant success.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Dr. Nattress, medical referee, presented a very able and comprehensive report, which was adopted and ordered printed for circulation.

Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the President, Vice-Presidents, Directors, Managing Director, Secretary and office staff and inspectors and agents for their attention to the business of the Company.

Messrs. Henry Lowndes and Gavin Lawrie were appointed scrutineers for the election of Directors, and they reported the re-election of the old Board.

The new Directors met and re-elected Hon. George W. Ross President and Hon. S. H. Blake and Mr. R. McLean Vice-Presidents.

## Out of Town.

### BRANTFORD.

Mrs. A. B. Bennett, who has been suffering for the past two weeks from typhoid fever, is convalescent.

Miss Scott of Carlton street, Toronto, who has been visiting at The Cedars has returned home.

Miss Jarvis has gone to New York, where she will visit for a time before returning to her home in St. Catharines. Her cousin, Mr. Thompson gave a farwell reception in her honor the evening before she left.

The Rev. Mr. Farthing has been holding very successful services in Grace Church for the past ten days. Mr. Farthing is a young Irishman about 25, and by his earnest manner and eloquent addresses has made many warm friends here.

An Imperial Federation League was formed here last week. President, Dr. McIntyre; Secretary, W. S. Brewster. The membership is small, but they are all earnest and enthusiastic workers.

Mrs. Henry Yates and Mr. Harry B. Yates left on Saturday last for a week's visit in Montreal.

AUDRAY.

### FERGUS.

Notwithstanding that it is Lent, our little town has been very gay for the past week. Mrs. J. A. M. Atkins of Winnipeg, daughter-in-law of Lieut.-Gov. Atkins, has been visiting at Mr. Wm. Pattison's. Quite a number of parties have been given in her honor. The first, by her host and hostess, on Wednesday evening, was a very enjoyable affair. Among those present were Mr. R. Hay, Mrs. Hay, Mr. Ross, Miss Ross, Mrs. Tobin, Miss Morton, Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Marshall, Dr. Groves, Miss Groves, Mr. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Dr. O'Reilly, Mr. John Craig, Mr. Oxley, Mr. James Beattie, etc.

A card party, given by Mrs. Marshall, and one by Dr. and the Misses Groves, were also very enjoyable social events.

A sleighing party, the last of the season, we suppose, drove to Elora on Friday evening, where they were hospitably entertained by Col. Clarke, M.P.P., and Mrs. Clarke.

Mrs. E. Hay has returned to town after a month's visit to her old home at Niagara.

Miss Nellie Black is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sheppard, in Paisley.

Miss Stella Pattison has returned home from the Toronto Conservatory of Music, much improved in her violin and vocal studies after her course there.

Dr. Orton J. Grain is in town; his friends are pleased to welcome him back after his long absence.

CAMEO.

### BARRIE.

One of the most enjoyable toboggan parties of the season was given Thursday evening, March 15, by Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cotter, at the Grove toboggan slide. After sliding a few hours the party returned to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cotter, where a supper awaited the guests. Among those present were Mrs. St. Louis, Miss A. Bostwick, Mr. R. Morton, Mr. Miss McCarthy, Miss Otter of Toronto, Mr. B. and Miss Schrieber, Mr. McGregor, Mr. H. and J. Kotterikt, Mr. W. L. Morton, Mr. H. and Miss Campbell, Mr. E. J. Rogerson, Mr. R. Andros, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. J. S. Porter, Miss Miller, Mr. F. S. and Miss Baker, Mr. T. R. and Miss Boys, Mr. L. G. and Miss K. McCarthy and Miss K. Stevenson.

Another toboggan party was given on Saturday evening last, by Mr. and Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler, in honor of Miss Otter and Miss McCarthy of Toronto. About forty invitations were issued and nearly all were accepted.

Miss Otter, of New Fort, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler.

Miss McCarthy of Toronto is also staying with Mrs. Pepler.

Miss M. Cotter has returned from Toronto.

Mrs. Joseph Rogers is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mr. E. A. Crease, solicitor, of Collingwood, spent Sunday in town.

### CHATHAM.

The Smith family concert, given for the benefit of Trinity church, passed off very successfully, and great praise is due to Miss Beatty and Miss Maude Rose. The entertainment consisted of songs, duets, etc., by the family, besides their own amusing selections; also the Troubadours rendered several pieces. The following ladies and gentlemen made up the family:—Miss Maude Rose, Miss Beatty, Miss Morrish and Miss Tackaberry, Mr. Slater, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Marsland. Miss Stevenson accompanied them on the occasion. After the performance the family were invited to the rectory, the residence of Mrs. Jeffery Hill, for supper, and it noticed among others present Miss Dunn, Miss Walker, Miss Taylor (The Avenue), Miss Daisy Rose, Miss N. Taylor and Messrs. Ball, Skey, Cotes and Rolls. A very pleasant evening was spent, and all went home perfectly delighted with the event.

A meeting of our cricket club took place to arrange committees, etc., for the coming season, which it is expected will be a good one, as every arrangement will be made for the same. The old material is still on the field, though they have lost the services of Pardee and Marsland, but they expect to be strengthened by other sources.

Mr. P. K. Nyvett of the Bank of Commerce, Blenheim, was in town on Sunday. Mr. N. is a personal friend of Mess. J. J. Morrison and C. B. Marsland, having been educated at the same college in England.

Miss Sales of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. Adams. As our town is awfully dull, owing to the Lenten season, we trust Miss S. will prolong her visit till Easter-tide.

NEMO.

### WOODSTOCK.

Several very smart luncheons have been given in town lately, the honors being among lady visitors. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Fuller each gave two, but as I belong to the sterner sex, and none of us were invited, I am unable to give as vivid a description of them as I could wish. I hear on very good authority, however, that the menu was all that could be desired, and the table decorations most elaborate.

A very enjoyable progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. Hood at her residence, Light street, on Wednesday evening of last week. More than thirty guests were present, and all appeared to welcome this pleasant break in the dulness of the Lenten season. The prizes were very handsome, and were won, the two first by Miss Spratt and Mr. Vanbuskirk, the progressive by Miss Proudfoot and

Mr. R. N. Ball, and the booby by Miss Totten and Mr. Badgley. Strange to say, all the ladies, with two or three exceptions, were dressed in black, varied in some cases with white.

Mr. Norman McLeod delivered one of his celebrated lectures here on Tuesday the 13th inst., and spent the remainder of the week in town. Some of our young ladies thought he was awfully nice, which was more than their staid elders thought his lecture. A delightful halo of mystery surrounded this young man, as it was very difficult to discover whether he had embraced matrimony or not. Unfortunately it leaked out at the last moment that Mrs. McLeod lives in Chicago.

Miss Cumberland has returned home to Toronto, after spending several weeks with Mrs. Fuller.

Miss Howell of London has been the guest of Mrs. Nellis for several weeks past.

### Jenny Lind.

Very frequently they who occupy a common place in life strive to imitate the peculiarities of those who hold a high rank in the fashionable world. But the result of such endeavors, even when successful, is often far from satisfactory.

The female boarders at the hotel whither Jenny Lind went, on reaching New York City, somewhat more than thirty years ago, were naturally eager to learn in what dress she would, for the first time, present herself before an assemblage of American women. So, when the hour for dinner arrived, there was a rush to the dining-hall.

The surprise of the ladies was great as she entered the room, dressed in a simple, unpretentious manner; and especially were they astonished at the absence from the back of her head of the immense comb without which, in those days, no American lady considered her toilet complete.

"I wish I had known that she does not wear a comb, then I would have left mine off," whispered one. The others assented.

Going to her room, the "Swedish nightingale" said to her dressing-maid, "I notice that American ladies fasten their back hair with a large comb, and while among them I shall not wish to seem unwilling to conform to their customs. You will please procure such a comb for me to-day."

The following day at dinner, Jenny Lind was astonished at finding herself the only lady present wearing a comb. And it is not difficult to imagine the amazement of the other ladies at seeing upon her head an article which they had discarded as unfashionable. Perhaps, too, they were slightly vexed, thinking of the hours they had wasted—as it proved—in dressing their hair without the customary ornament.

### A Toronto View.

Toronto young man—What did you think of Mt. Vesuvius, Miss Palmer?

Toronto young woman—I couldn't help thinking, Mr. Rattan, what a magnificent toboggan slide it would make.

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

### Births.

TORONTO.

Woodcroft, Mrs. J. J., on 14th inst.—a daughter
Hayward, Mrs. Gerald S.—a son
Beatty, Mrs. S. G.—a son
Wilson, Mrs. Wm. D.—a daughter
MacKenzie, Mrs. Geo. G.—a daughter

Salmon, Mrs. A., Montreal—a daughter
Weir, Mrs. W. C., Guelph—a son
Lyman, Mrs. A. Clarence, Montreal—a son
Clarke, Mrs. J. G., Meaford—a daughter
Hilliard, Mrs. Geo. B., Minnedosa, Man.—a son
Clemow, Mrs. Frank C., Ottawa—a son
Nicholson, Mrs. H. L., Chapleau, Ont.—a son
Hilton, Mrs. F. A., Cobourg, on 15th inst.—a son
Symonds, Mrs. H. C., London, on 14th inst.—a daughter

### Marriages.

TORONTO.

Edmonton, Henry, to Miss Maggie Trotter, of Acton

McLean, Rev. D., Earlstown, N.S., to Martha Edward, of Outremont (near Montreal)
Dorrence, Jos. A., to Lizzie Booth, Stanley, Ont
Garth, Edward, to Sarah Lenoy Morris, St. Therese, P.Q
Kerr, William, to Agnes N. Robinson, Richmond, P.Q
Morrison, Robt. H., to Lillie Cairncross, on 14th inst., London, Ont
Woodcroft, Robt. W. (formerly of Hamilton), to Miss L. Gastch, Detroit

### Deaths.

TORONTO.

Maxwell, Catherine, aged 83
Matthews, Wheeler D., died at LeRoy, N.Y., aged 67
Wright, James, sr., aged 85
Barrick, Gladys, daughter of Dr. E. J. Barrick, aged 6 months
Fraser, Helen Gordon, daughter of Charles J. G. Fraser, aged 3
Sullivan, Mrs. Patrick, aged 49
Chesman, Mary, aged 69
Clinkunbroomer, Chas. E., aged 25
Springer, Mahlon, aged 39
Shurtbridge, Alice, aged 12
Stinson, Ada, aged 21
Smith, William, aged 46
McCord, Alexander, aged 81
Cropper, Jas., aged 80
Laidlaw, William C., son of William Laidlaw, Q. C., aged 5

White Chas., son of Geo. White, Hamilton, aged 24
Flynn, Martin J., Chelsea, P. Q., 15th inst.
Stringer, Anne, London, 17th inst., aged 90
Grant, Isabella Mackenzie, Goderich, aged 85
Duchesnay, Susanne Taschereau, sister of Cardinal Taschereau, Quebec, aged 85


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INCREASED QUALITY OF LIGHT

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Chicago Incandescent Gas Fixtures.

20,000 Lights Burning in Toronto Every Night

S. HAMBURGER & CO.

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14 TORONTO ARCADE, TORONTO

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

EASTER HOLIDAYS

ON MARCH 29th, 30th AND 31st

Return tickets will be issued from and to all stations in Canada, including the N. and N.W. Divisions, also to points on the Canada Atlantic and Intercolonial Railways at

Single First-Class Fare and One-Third

Return journey to commence not later than April 3rd.

SCHOOL VACATION

Tickets will be issued from March 16th to 30th at fare and one-third, good to return until April 11th upon certificate of the Principal.

J. HICKSON, Gen. Manager.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

O. B. SHEPPARD, Manager.

The Comedy Event of the Season.

ONE WEEK COMMENCING

MONDAY, MARCH 26th

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Special Extra Matinee, Good Friday.

First Appearance in Three Years of the World-Famed

HANLONS

In their Laughing Creation and Grand Success this Season,

THE NEW VOYAGE EN SUISSE

Remodeled! Reconstructed! Funnier Than Ever! The Most Wonderful Mechanical Effects Ever Produced! Elegant Scenery! Bright and Pretty Music! Comedy Sensation! Startling Surprises! A Brilliant Company of Artists! A Terrible Stage Coach Disaster! Funny Scenes in a Sleeping Car! Grand Railroad Explosion!

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

ONE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 26

Matinees—Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

SPECIAL MATINEE GOOD FRIDAY

THE STERLING ACTOR

BENJ. MAGINLEY

PRESENTING W. J. FLORENCE'S ROMANTIC MUSICAL DRAMA

INSHAVOGUE

A CLEAN, PRETTY IRISH PLAY, ENLIVENED WITH

Songs, Duets, Sketches, Quartettes Irish Jig and Reel Dancing.

AND A GENUINE IRISH PIPER.

Novel scenic Effects.

Superior to any of the so-called Irish plays which have been coming here.—*Montreal Star.*

Next Week, SAM'L O'POSEN

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS

For God, Home and Native Land. Farewell Sunday in Toronto

GREAT PROGRAMME

DOUTNEY FAREWELL SUNDAY

AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

By invitation of the Young Men's Prohibition Club.

Horticultural Gardens, Sunday March 25

Afternoon at 3 o'clock; night, 8 o'clock. Doors open 45 minutes earlier.

Extra fine vocal and instrumental music, grand choruses, solos, duets, &c., &c. Specially fine recitations. Powerful, fearless and sympathetic speakers. Partial list of talent:

Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D.D.

Mr. Thomas N. Doutney

Some of the most prominent local speakers will also be present.

Don't miss it, for it will be the greatest Sunday so far seen for Temperance at the Horticultural Gardens or any other place in Toronto. Additional talent:

Mrs. Thomas N. Doutney,

in sweet songs, the Great Canadian Jubilee Singers, ten in number, and a host of others. Silver collection at the door. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday positively the last meetings in Toronto, to be conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Doutney. These four last meetings will be in Shaftesbury Hall.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Easter Holidays

ON MARCH 29th, 30th and 31st

RETURN TICKETS

Will be sold between all stations east of Port Arthur, also points on the Intercolonial,

AT ONE and ONE-THIRD FARE

Good to return until April 3rd, 1888.

SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS

Will be issued round trip tickets, on certificate from Principal, at

Low Rates, March 16th to 30th to Return until April 11th.

CYCLORAMA

Front and York Streets, Toronto.

NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

BATTLE OF SEDAN

Men's Youths' & Boys'

LIGHT-WEIGHT

SPRING OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce

ANY SHADE OR ANY PRICE

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

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WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

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GREAT SALE OF WHITNEY'S

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Still continues with unabated success. Old carriages taken in exchange at the Great Baby Carriage Store.

I. A. WHATMOUGH,

126 KING STREET EAST.

FOR SOUP, GRAVIES CURRIES RISSOLES, STEWS, SAUCES ETC., ETC.

*Indispensable to Families, Militiamen Bachelors, Sportsmen Campers, Etc., Etc.*

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

F. H. Torrington's Orchestra

SECOND SEASON 1887-8

Second Orchestral Concert

Pavilion Music Hall, Thursday April 5

SIXTY PERFORMERS—MR. JOHN BAYLEY, Leader

Vocalists—Mrs. AGNES THOMSON, Soprano; Mr. E. W SCHUCH, Basso.

Instrumentalists—Miss GEIKIE, Solo Violin; Mr. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE, Solo Flute; Mr. H. L. CLARKE, Solo Cornet; Mr. FRED. TAYLOR, Solo Trombone; Mr. F. E. SMITH, Solo Euphonium

ADMISSION, 25 CTS., RESERVED SEATS, 50 CTS.

Plan opens at A. & S. Nordheimer's on Monday, April 2.

T. E. AIKENHEAD, Treasurer. A. L. ENNIS, Secretary

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If there was nothing genuine there would be nothing to counterfeit.

And if pure goods can be had anywhere, that's the place to go, but be sure the place has a good name before you enter it or you may be pursuaded to invest, much to your own disadvantage.

If you intend entertaining your friends do it well or they will not consider your friendship worth anything. If you do not know what would be nice—or what would be the proper thing to do—you can get valuable aid by asking for information at Harry Webb's 447 Yonge street it will not cost you anything, or, if you prefer it, you can leave it all to him, and you will find it as safe in his hands as in your own. Send for estimates, or send your orders to

HARRY WEBB, 447 YONGE STREET